

THE DIAL

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF

Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

EDITED BY FRANCIS F. BROWNE. { Volume XVII.
No. 200.

CHICAGO, OCT. 16, 1894.

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THE DIAL (founded in 1880) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States, Canada, and Mexico; in other countries comprised in the Postal Union, 50 cents a year for extra postage must be added. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number. REMITTANCES should be by check, or by express or postal order, payable to THE DIAL. SPECIAL RATES TO CLUBS and for subscriptions with other publications will be sent on application; and SAMPLE COPY on receipt of 10 cents. ADVERTISING RATES furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to

THE DIAL, 315 Webster Ave., N. Y.

No. 200. OCTOBER 16, 1894. Vol. XVII.

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The last of the famous group of New Englanders who made the dream of American literature a fact, the last man of letters to survive from that *annus mirabilis* which also gave to America Lincoln and Poe, to England Tennyson and Darwin, Oliver Wendell Holmes has stolen peacefully to his rest, and we have indeed broken with the past. Few lives have meant so much to Americans as that now ended, its years so nearly those of the century which it adorned. As the intellectual associates of the gentle Autocrat went to their own places one by one, the affection in which they were held seemed to be transferred to the ever-lessening group of those who yet remained, until, in concentration of grateful recollection, it was all heaped upon one beloved head. Now, there remain but memories to which we may cling; the last leaf has fallen from "the old forsaken bough," and we smile, as he bade us do, but through our tears.

The love which Americans have felt, and always will feel, for the group of our distinctively national poets, including Bryant and Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell, besides the one whose loss we now mourn, has had few parallels in other nations for either depth or sincerity. We knew that they were not great poets, as the world measures poetic greatness; we knew that their voices were not of those that for all ages speak to all mankind; but they have had for us so many endearing associations, their names have been so indissolubly linked with whatever was best and noblest in our history and our aspirations, that we could not wholly measure them by the cold standards of objective criticism. The indigenous nature-lyrics of Bryant, Longfellow's delicate treatment of the romantic aspects of American history, the passion that fired Whittier's songs of freedom, and the ethical fervor and downright manliness to which Lowell gave such varied utterance,—all these things meant something to us, something very precious, very personal, and altogether incommunicable to the alien. So we did not mind it very much when the amiable foreign critic told us that most of our poets were either mocking-birds or corn-crakes. We

knew that it would be useless to explain or to remonstrate; we knew, in fact, that his language and his tests were not ours, nor ours his.

The work of Holmes, besides having qualities peculiarly its own, shares also in the special appeals indicated above. There is no lack of lyrical or romantic effect, of patriotic or ethical passion, in the long series of volumes that began with the "Poems" of 1836 and ended with "Before the Curfew" in 1888. And how much there is that falls without the categories thus summarily designated!

"What shapes and fancies, grave or gay,
Before us at his bidding come!
The Treadmill tramp, the One-Horse Shay,
The dumb despair of Elsie's doom!

"The tale of Avis and the Maid,
The plea for lips that cannot speak,
The holy kiss that Iris laid
On little Boston's pallid cheek!"

And then Holmes was so much more than a mere singer. The very fact that we most frequently call him the Autocrat rather than the poet suggests something of his versatile ability. With one aspect of his life-work we are not here concerned. As a medical practitioner, as a teacher of anatomy, and as a writer in the special field of his profession, he had a full and honorable career, and we may fancy that he more than once said to the physician Holmes, This is what I really am, the rest is trifling; just as Lamb said of his India House folios, "These are my real works."

But we may put all this aside, and the man of letters remains, not sensibly diminished in stature. For to his credit stand many entries. There are the three novels, and of them we must say that they have few equals in our American fiction. "A Mortal Antipathy" we might perhaps spare, but we would not willingly lose "Elsie Venner," even if science frown upon its thesis, or "The Guardian Angel," even if it do not in all respects fulfil the requirements of the fictive art. We should say that no reservations need be made when it is a question of praising the four volumes of Table-Talk, which begin with the breakfast-table and end with the tea-cups. And besides these gifts, he gave us the sympathetic and beautiful memoirs of Motley and Emerson, and the many prose miscellanies that are only less charming than his more famous works.

As a poet—and in the final settlement the poet will outweigh the writer of prose—Holmes preserved for us the spirit of the classical age at a time when romanticism was in full cry. But, as Mr. Stedman happily suggests, his work

was a survival rather than a revival. It is curious, indeed, as the same acute critic remarks, to note how persistently he remained an artificer upon the old-fashioned lines, although ever alert to seize the new occasion and the new theme. We have had no other so expert in personal and occasional verse, no other who could so distil the very quintessence of Yankee humor, or of the other and finer qualities of the New England intellect, into the most limpid of song. And when he was entirely serious, how exquisite was his touch, how pure his pathos, how clear his ethical sense! Let "The Voiceless," "Under the Violets," and "The Chambered Nautilus" bear witness. And, since no one knew so well as he the word most fit to be spoken upon any solemn occasion, let us write in his own words his epitaph:

"Say not the Poet dies!
Though in the dust he lies,
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,
Unshaped by envious death!
Life drops the voiceless myriads from its roll;
Their fate he cannot share,
Who, in the enchanted air
Sweet with the lingering strains that Echo stole,
Has left his dearer self, the music of his soul!

"He sleeps; he cannot die!
As evening's long-drawn sigh,
Lifting the rose-leaves on his peaceful mound,
Spreads all their sweets around,
So, laden with his song, the breezes blow
From where the rustling sedge
Frets our rude ocean's edge
To the smooth sea beyond the peaks of snow.
His soul the air enshrines and leaves but dust below!"

BIOGRAPHY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born August 29, 1809, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in a house just across the street from the buildings of Harvard College. He entered Harvard in 1825, and was graduated in 1829. He studied law for a year, then medicine, the latter both at home and abroad. In 1836, after his return to America, he took his degree in medicine, and published his first volume of "Poems." Some of these pieces had been published long before in newspapers and elsewhere, "Old Ironsides" dating from 1830. In 1839 he accepted a chair at Dartmouth, remaining two years. He was married to Amelia Lee Jackson in 1840. Returning to Boston, he settled down to the practice of medicine until 1847, when he accepted the Harvard professorship of anatomy, then offered him, a chair which he held actively until 1882, and as professor *emeritus* until his death. In 1842 he published "Homœopathy and Its Kindred Delusions," and volumes of "Poems" in 1846, 1849, and 1850. "The Atlantic Monthly" was started in 1857, and "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" began with it, making the new magazine famous at once. This work appeared as a volume in 1858, and was fol-

lowed by the "Professor" in 1860, and the "Poet" in 1872. Meanwhile the following volumes were published: "Currents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science" (1861), "Elsie Venner" (1861), "Songs in Many Keys" (1861), "Soundings from the Atlantic" (1863), "Humorous Poems" (1865), "The Guardian Angel" (1867), and "Mechanism in Thought and Morals" (1871). "Songs of Many Seasons" (1874), a "Memoir of Motley" (1878), "The Iron Gate" (1880), "Pages from an Old Volume of Life" (1883), "Medical Essays" (1883), "Ralph Waldo Emerson" (1884), "A Mortal Antipathy" (1885), "Our Hundred Days in Europe" (1887), "Before the Curfew" (1888), and "Over the Tea-Cups" (1890), complete the list of his works, excepting a few ephemeral or technical publications. The visit to Europe described in one of these later volumes was made in 1886. In 1893, he acted as chairman of the Eastern Committee of Arrangements for the Chicago Congress of Authors, and took much interest in the project. He died on the seventh of this month, of heart failure, at his home in Boston.

DAVID SWING.

David Swing, who died at his home in Chicago on the third of October, was one of the most widely known of Chicago preachers, and enjoyed also a certain reputation, albeit a slender one, as a man of letters. In the latter capacity, he was the author of three or four volumes of essays—sermons and literary club papers—which are characterized by grace rather than forcefulness, and by a certain languor of manner equally characteristic of their author as a public speaker. These books exhibit the workings of a mind given to much reading of good books, one whose mental process remotely suggests that of Emerson. As a preacher, David Swing stood for the forces that have done so much to liberalize religious thought during the past quarter of a century, and in his sermons, dogma, which most theologians offer to their public in solid lumps, had gone completely into solution. Still, it was his instinct rather than his logical faculty that thus placed him in the van of religious thought, for he was always more of a rhetorician than a thinker. He was too good-natured to be critical, and he sometimes scattered his praise of men and books in a way to make the judicious grieve. His great professional reputation was due in large measure to the celebrity of his trial for heresy about twenty years ago. The result of that trial was a technical acquittal, but soon thereafter he severed his relations with the Presbyterian organization, and entered upon the independent career which he has since pursued. Opinion has been divided upon the question of his justification in this step. Those who stood by him during the trial, and labored to secure the verdict that was given in his favor, were naturally aggrieved when he afterwards

abandoned them. But his friends claimed that he could not have continued in the church without injustice to himself, and that his sphere of usefulness was much widened by the separation. Readers of *THE DIAL*, especially in its earlier years, will remember him as an occasional contributor to its pages.

INADEQUACY.

Thy palace walls were founded well,
And well its courses thou didst lay;
One tower defied the genie's spell,
And stands a ruin to this day.

The Land of Flowers thou didst attain,
And see the spring's immortal jet;
Thy staff-worn hand was reached in vain—
Thy lips that crystal never wet!

With pains the altar thou didst dress,
And the burnt sacrifice prepare,
And call upon the God to bless—
All but the Fire from Heaven was there!

Thou shak'st thy lance on hard-fought field,
Thou sleep'st, the tingling stars above;—
Pity and praise sweet eyes can yield,
But ne'er vouchsafe the Light of Love!

What dost thou lack? 'Tis almost naught
That parts thee from thy Heart's Desire,—
A step—a span—an airy thought,
A pulse-beat more, thou didst require!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

ONE STEP SHORT.

It was remarked of a gentleman who was one of the most accomplished flutists of his day, that his performance was almost maddening—because it was so good! His execution was brilliant, his tone superb, his interpretation and shadings admirable, but alas! he was always a little out of tune, so very little out of tune, that his accompanists, whether orchestral or those of the piano, declared that it would have been a positive relief had he but been a little more out of tune! Persons who could listen with equanimity to that musical monstrosity, a tune played in two different keys at once, felt for this gentleman's playing a degree of abhorrence which "fairly made the flesh crawl." This provoking quality affected the player himself, who seemed conscious of his defect, although unable to correct it; and he finally gave up music in despair. I have learned that this failing is by no means an uncommon one among musicians otherwise able; and it has been my misfortune to hear some of the leading soloists of an orchestra play so out of tune that the water would come into their own eyes, as well as into those of the audience. I also remember that the great Julien brought over with his band of Continentals an English musician whose business it was to "raise the note," as it were; this Englishman

being possessed of an exquisite ear, though otherwise master of no remarkable accomplishments in his profession.

Failure analogous to that of the unfortunate flutist will be found running through much achievement in art. There would seem to be something in the near approach to perfection which, while it warns one of deficiency, does not so adequately warn as to enable him to correct that deficiency. Many of the monodies written on half-genius and other forms of incomplete fruition owe their motive to a perception of this lamentable fact. Familiar, indeed, is that despair which must be felt, when all has gone well with scheme and devisement, while (though too vague for specific analysis) the execution is so faulty as to obscure what must be seen, or we, as artists, perish! Poets have rhymes to help them to a solution of the difficulty, to bridge the lacuna between intention and accomplishment; and the musician, in beginning a phrase, finds himself almost irresistibly dragged along—*entrainé*, the French would say—to a consistent form of resolution. Yet it is just at this point that what musicians call the "disappointed cadence" must make itself known in all the arts; for there are few masters in any that, like Chopin, can turn all their discords into reconciling dissonances,—few that, like Browning, can divert their faulty metre to represent purposely a halting movement. Such power of conversion may be reckoned as among the highest uses of intuition and as verging closely upon the pure creative faculty.

As a boy I was once young enough to enjoy unquestionably that youth's frenzy, the poetry of Alexander Smith. But in an evil day my idol became the mark of ruthless iconoclasm; for his volume falling into the hands of Mr. Punch, that gentleman chanced to allude to the great frequency of stars in Smith's poetic firmament; declaring that the Life Drama contained as many stars as did the bosom of a Polish refugee! Hence I became somewhat sensitive at the unabated recurrence of the stellar apparition; and, as often as the mood was upon me to quote to admiring friends several of the most approved passages from this poet, I was fain to leave out the stars (silently substituting asterisks therefor)! Now, Alexander Smith presents one of the most pathetic instances of failure at the very goal of achievement: a fertile fancy is his, and a most sonorous diction, yet almost always obscured by some defect in execution which spoils the whole, some needless repetition which borders on the absurd, but which seems to escape the consciousness of the perpetrator himself. In the presence of such *embarras de richesse*, misapplied or squandered, how often does one feel tempted to cry out for plain mediocrity, defective mechanism, blurred perceptions—anything where the result falls *obviously* short of the intention. In this latter accident there is at least an absence of profanation; and we feel almost reconciled to those fatuous rash ones who gallantly rush in where real artists fear to tread! That which is explicitly commonplace we tolerate, for it doubtless

fulfils its mission. But whether the poet be conscious of his shortcoming or otherwise, we, the laity, are not unfamiliar with the heart-sinking sensation that certain lines in noble verse are worse than unsatisfying. Their *approximate* perfection begets an anguish so keen that we could wish the poem of which they are part had never been written. Especially does this feeling prevail when the context promises an imperial fulfilment not borne out in the final result. Take a well-known example—Leigh Hunt's sonnet on the Nile. What a wide hiatus between conception and execution, between the sombre grandeur of the opening verse,—

"It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,"
and the concluding lines, which go to sleep as to æsthetic perception, but "wake" to the somewhat trite moral consideration,—

"how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake."

Less well-known, though as pungent in illustration, is the following couplet from Edward Coates Pinckney:

"Save where volcanoes send to Heaven their curled
And solemn smokes, like altars of a world."

What lines these might have made, had Swinburne been the poet's master in prosody! A beautiful idea obscured—deadened by inadequate wording, lies buried in the lines subjoined:

"And then I saw that, in my pride bedight,
I craved from erring man the gift of Heaven."

Yes, too often it happens that some one of the instruments in the orchestra of poetic genius has lapsed a semi-tone or so, dragging back the whole movement to what the sensitive mind feels to be worse than chaos, more intolerable than clamoring discord. It does not help us towards resignation to reflect that the same accident is constantly recurring in many of the great problems of life, that our wooings, our weddings, our winnings, are too frequently beset by the same distressing deficiency—so near and yet so far from that ultimate perfection which in their case seems a necessity.

But let us consider whether, in the instances noted, there be any remedy for this tendency to fail while almost at the goal of artistic perfection. And again let us refer to Alexander Smith. Possibly he might have been saved much of that which gave pretext to his critics had he possessed, to any degree, the sense of humor; and, indeed, he was so conscious of the absence of that element, as well as of the mischief wrought by such absence, that in the prose papers written after his retirement from verse he seeks to belittle the whole arcana of wit and humor, as foreign to sincerity, incompatible with earnest purpose; intimating that such small change is only current with those who dwell in cities. He even goes so far as to cite these qualities as among the effete results of overwrought civilization! No doubt he was stung by such arrows in his day; but it is no part of a worthy vindication to ignore the weapons that have brought about one's discomfiture. The unfinished is too often funny, or, at least, grotesque;

and so it is not without reason that the shafts of criticism, when directed towards so vulnerable a mark, should be not only winged but often envenomed by wit. It is so difficult gravely to note an obvious absurdity, when the announcement is so much more effectively made by an epigram.

The work of Alexander Smith, whatever its pleasing promise, whatever its casual power to surprise the reader, is unfinished. He has animation, but not that "animated moderation" so highly commended by an English critic of our own day. Nor had he, as it would seem, in any very strongly developed degree, the artistic conscience, which commends the role of patience. He therefore reaped the inevitable consequences. With pathetic (may we not say prophetic?) consciousness the poet in the following lines alludes to his own shortcomings and their tragic lesson:

"There is a deadlier pang than that which beads
With chilling death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,
When one has a big heart and feeble hands,
A heart to hew his name out upon Time
As on a rock; then, in immortality
To stand on Time as on a pedestal!
When hearts beat to this tune and hands are weak,
We find our aspirations quenched in tears,
The tears of impotence and self-contempt.
That loathsome weed upspringing in the heart,
Like nightshade 'mid the ruins of a shrine."

The lesson of deliberation in artistic workmanship is suggested in the biographical fact that Pope, the most finished and painstaking of the writers of his period, never allowed anything of his to be published until it had lain by him a year, subject to revision and alteration. Probably no man who laughed so much and so cynically was ever, so far as his work was concerned, so little laughed at. And it may be noted that, while the literary world and the general public almost universally accorded the palm to Dryden as a man of affluent genius, but comparatively little of the work of that master has come down to us. On the other hand, the phrasing of his rival, the succinct yet ample diction of Pope, lends household words to every department of literature.

S. R. ELLIOTT.

ENGLISH AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.*

Is it not time that somebody moved a vote of thanks to THE DIAL? Surely the present discussion, with the procession of professorial testimonies

*This article concludes THE DIAL's extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, of which the following have previously appeared: English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook (Feb. 1); English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews (Feb. 16); English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell (March 1); English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson (March 16); English at Cornell University, by Professor Hiram Corson (April 1); English at the University of Virginia, by Professor Charles W. Kent (April 16); English at the University of Illinois, by Professor D. K. Dodge (May 1); English at Lafayette College, by Professor F. A. March (May 16); English

marshalled by editorials and accompanied by a brisk run of letters, is rendering to teachers of English throughout the country a service beyond compute. Among the happy results of the discussion must be counted this: that more than one lonely stickler for the supremacy, even in the classroom, of literature as an art has discovered, like Elijah of old, that the faith has no lack of prophets. Professor Corson, for instance, has seemed, at times not far remote, to stand almost alone in his insistent proclamation that the appeal of literature is not exclusively to the intellect, but to the three-fold spirit. Yet the aim at Cornell cannot easily go beyond the purpose at Yale, as voiced by Professor Cook in the opening article of the series, to promote "the acquisition of insight and power, taking these terms in the broadest sense, so as to include the emotional and æsthetic faculties as well as the purely intellectual, the will and the moral nature no less than the reason." But Yale, pleading for English as "an unsurpassed aliment of the spiritual life" and "a most effective instrument of spiritual discipline," hardly outvoices the University of Pennsylvania, valuing the study of English literature for "its enormous weight against utilitarianism," or of Chicago, claiming that "literary masterpieces should be studied chiefly for their beauty." Truly THE DIAL is marking a new hour. America, throwing off the tyranny of the German method, in which, nevertheless, her leading professors of English have been trained, and facing the disapproval of gray-towered Oxford, which, at the present writing, has two men enrolled as candidates for its brand-new English school, is still the land of the free and the home of the brave. But if freedom is to be preserved from anarchy, and bravery vindicated from the charge of headlong folly, teachers of English have yet to find a general method proportioned to their aim. Enthusiasts, it is true, decry that soulless substantive, *method*. "When a teacher begins to cast about for a method," writes a member of the English Faculty of Chicago, "he is already lost." And yet Thomas the Rhymer saw, between the paths to heaven and hell, a path to fairyland. May there not be

"a bonny road

That winds about the ferny brae,"

which teachers of literature, who would fain awaken their students to the beautiful, may seek for unashamed?

Indeed, we need a road. It is very well for the editors and contributors of THE DIAL to claim on

at the State University of Iowa, by Professor E. E. Hale, Jr. (June 1); English at the University of Chicago, by Professor Albert H. Tolman (June 16); English at Indiana University, by Professor Martin W. Sampson (July 1); English at the University of California, by Professor Charles Mills Gayley (July 16); English at Amherst College, by Professor John F. Genung (Aug. 1); English at the University of Michigan, by Professor Fred N. Scott (Aug. 16); English at the University of Nebraska, by Professor L. A. Sherman (Sept. 1); English at the University of Pennsylvania, by Professor Felix E. Schelling (Sept. 16); and English at the University of Wisconsin, by Professor David B. Frankenburger (Oct. 1).—[EDN. DIAL.]

behalf of the student the delights of the "spiritual glow" etherialized beyond the dull concern for "the historical and adventitious," and to demand that the professor add to the most gracious gifts of nature a culture deep as a well and considerably wider than a church-door,—but by what process, after all, shall the essential values of literature be impressed? Let the new day dawn. Let the student's lifted head, cleared from all suspicion of an ache, be haloed with golden lights. Let the ideal professor guide him to the heart of poetry, of humanity, and the divine; but how is such supernal guidance to be effected?

"He shall have chariots easier than air,
That I will have invented; and ne'er think
He shall pay any ransom; and thyself,
That art the messenger, shalt ride before him
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
I know not how yet."

Nothing, then, could be more practically helpful, at this stage of the experiment, than these descriptions of English courses now pursued in American colleges, especially where the professors in charge are committed to the literary aim. Upon this accumulated material of experience, theory will soon be at work. THE DIAL has already given judgment in favor of dividing English, as a university subject, into the science of linguistics and the art of literature. From the various reports, however, it would appear that composition and rhetoric, elocution, and comparative literature, must also be taken into account as candidates for separate departments.

At Wellesley, the subject of elocution stands alone, and we have at present—more's the pity—no department of "literature at large." Term courses in English translations of Homer and Dante, with less extended study of the Cid, the Song of Roland, the *Nibelungen Lied* and the *Volsunga Saga*, were originally offered in the English literature department. A few years since, this department, stricken with humility, handed the responsibility on to the professors of Greek and German and the Romance tongues, who undertook a composite course of English lectures upon the classic and mediæval epics. This arrangement proved unwieldy, and fell, like Poland, for lack of a central control. The Romance department offers English courses in Dante and in the French epics of the Middle Ages; but for a comprehensive survey of the Aryan literatures in their development and relations, Wellesley has still to wait.

Anglo-Saxon is taught in the department of English Language and Rhetoric; and also, by Dr. Helen L. Webster, in the department of Comparative Philology. Three, at least, of our English faculty are eager to offer Anglo-Saxon courses; and this year Wellesley, like Yale, has three undergraduates electing Anglo-Saxon. In connection with the testimony from various universities—Illinois, for example—as to the disfavor with which

English students regard linguistics, and in light of the experience of the University of Nebraska, which has succeeded, by emphasizing the literary side of the study, in making courses in Anglo-Saxon and Middle English popular, questions press for discussion. Is this artful dodging of Anglo-Saxon to the discredit of the artful dodger? Should Anglo-Saxon be made a required subject in the English group? Should it be taught with full linguistic severity, as valuable mental discipline, or should the teaching be suited to the tastes and aims of literary students? What is the decent minimum of philology? And should the Anglo-Saxon course precede or follow the treatment of the more modern literature?

In the department of English Literature at Wellesley, no critical courses are offered on material prior to 1300; and, from Langland to Browning, the language is taught solely as a means to an end. The forty students electing fourteenth century work this year, for instance, will study the East Midland dialect for the sake of Chaucer's poetry,—not the poetry for the sake of the dialect.

The Professor of English Language and Rhetoric, Miss Margaret E. Stratton, of Oberlin, finds time for some linguistic work, but the rhetorical side of her department secures the lion's share of attention. Professor Scott's longed-for Utopia is not located at Wellesley. Frequent themes are required of Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors, these classes numbering, in the aggregate, about six hundred. Moreover, here, as at Stanford and Indiana, classes of conditioned Freshmen are a conspicuous feature of the Rhetoric department, the training of the secondary schools being grievously inadequate. Miss Hart, of Radcliffe, and Miss Weaver, trained in England as well as in America, bend their united energies to developing in the Freshmen the ability to write clear, correct, well-constructed English sentences. To have mastered the paragraph is to become, so far as the Rhetoric department is concerned, a Sophomore; and to proceed, under guidance of Miss Willecox, whose preparation was in part received in an editorial office, to the structure of the essay. This involves, together with the analysis of masterpieces and the making of outlines, various studies in the orderly and effective arrangement of material. Subjects may be drawn from any course of study in which the student is interested, and some slight opportunity is afforded for experiments in story-telling. With the second semester comes, to able students, the chance of electing, in place of the regular work, a course in journalism. This undertakes the gathering up and editing of news from far and near, the condensing and recasting of "copy," the writing of book reviews and editorials. A newspaper staff is organized, the members rotating in office, and from time to time the class is addressed by working journalists. The "Wellesley Magazine" furnishes an immediate field for such youth-

ful activities; while, for better or for worse, the calls from newspapers, the Union over, for student reporters of college life grow more numerous with every autumn.

The Junior year brings the course in argumentation, which, making as it does for logical thinking, is speedily felt in every line of college work. This course, conducted by Mr. George P. Baker of Harvard, and similar to the forensic course given by him in that university, is described in Professor Wendell's paper in *THE DIAL's* series. Mr. Baker offers, too, an elective course in debate. The crowded Senior elective, however, is the Daily Theme course, conducted by Miss Weaver. The purpose of this elective is to quicken observation and give as much practice as possible in the sifting and grouping facts of personal experience, and in the clear, concise, and cogent statement of whatever there may be under a Senior cap to state.

These various instructors are united in the persuasion that the laws of rhetoric should be assimilated, so far as may be, by an informal and almost unconscious process, and that there should be no unholy divorce between the English of the pen and the English of the lip. They stand for graded and orderly advance, for the development of the perceptive and inventive powers, as well as of taste and reason, and, in general, for a fuller experience and more accurate expression of life. It is unfortunate that they are themselves mortal, and have thus far been unable to accede to the desire of the other departments that all students whose technical themes and examination papers, while good in substance are bad in statement, shall be conditioned in English and turned over to the Rhetoric department for reformation.

The limits of my space necessitate brief mention of the work in English Literature. In this subject there is no requirement. It is elected this year by more than half the undergraduates, while some ten or twelve graduate students pursue courses in residence and others are working at a distance by correspondence. The corps of instruction consists, in addition to myself, of Miss Vida D. Scudder, associate professor, and three instructors, Miss Jewett, Miss Sherwood, and Miss Eastman. Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley are our nursing mothers, although Oxford, Florence, and Berlin have somewhat tempered our aboriginal mood. Miss Scudder's especial interest is in nineteenth century literature, Miss Jewett's in Spenser and in lyric poetry, Miss Sherwood's in the analysis of prose, and my own in drama. Miss Eastman is bowed beneath the weight of the introductory course—such a pre-requisite as is given at California and Wisconsin,—presenting a bird's-eye view of the field of English literature. This accomplished, the student is advised to elect one of three courses which have for their peculiar end and aim the cultivation of the literary sense. These courses draw their material from the pre-Victorian prose, and from the early poetry, epic and

lyric; the emphasis in one of the poetical courses being put on Spenser, and in the other on Milton. The student's third choice is made from a group of courses dealing with the literature of various great epochs: a fourteenth century course, a Shakespeare course, and nineteenth century courses. But to the student who proposes at the outset to specialize in English we recommend a different sequence: a course in Anglo-Saxon for the Freshman year, followed in turn by the Chaucer course, the Shakespeare course, and a course either in Georgian and Victorian poetry or in Victorian prose, with a concluding course in the development of English literature. There are one-hour lecture courses, alternating, year by year, in American literature and in Poetics. Miss Scudder conducts a seminary in Wordsworth or Shelley or Browning, as the spirit moves; while my own seminary deals with some period of the English drama. No text-books are used in any of our class-rooms save editions of the masterpieces under consideration, and save such innocuous pamphlets—outlines of the courses, with bibliography—as we individually prepare for our own classes. For a young college, Wellesley is exceptionally fortunate in her library, and the students of literature and history flock to it as flies to honey. Informal addresses by one or another member of the force are fortnightly given before the students of the department on current topics of literary note; and frequently an unwary poet strays into our parlor, or a famous scholar mounts our lecture-platform. The literary societies of the college further the aim we have in view; and, in general, the responsiveness and earnestness of our students are such as often to shame our own inadequacy.

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

We do what we can, but are beset by many puzzles. What is the function of the lecture in the teaching of literature? At what point in her career shall the susceptible undergraduate encounter the standard critic? Can a student be conditioned on coldness of heart and on native apathy in the presence of beauty? But our chief problem is the crucial one of the modern experiment. If, indeed, as was claimed by a contributor to "School and College" two or three years ago, the constituents of a sound education are character, culture, insight, and the disciplined working power of the brain, can the study of literature be made to promote the final end as effectively as it certainly subserves the other three?

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

Professor of English Literature, Wellesley College.

MR. W. R. NICOLL, the editor of the London "Bookman," is responsible for this interesting note: At the recent unveiling of the John Keats tablet Mr. Gosse said that no one living had seen Keats. This was incorrect. An old gentleman, living not two miles from where Mr. Gosse was speaking, has a vivid recollection of Keats. He was in the habit, when a schoolboy, of going on Saturdays to the house of the parents of Fanny Brawne, and he often met the poet there.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PUBLIC APPRECIATION OF BOOKS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In turning over the leaves of a current review, my attention was caught by a curious outbreak from Mr. Andrew Lang—who seems to have, like the city of his residence, a sort of recurring “silly season.” Like the bandolining young ladies at “Mugby Junction,” Mr. Lang harbors, as it appears in the review cited, a fine contempt for the public. He doesn’t go so far as to call it “a great beast,” as our Alexander Hamilton did, but he rates it pretty cheaply, nevertheless. “The public,” he says, “does not read books, that is the plain truth. The public reads newspapers, and, in very earnest moods, magazines. . . . There never was an age that read less, or cackled more about what it does not read.” Indeed! The public doesn’t read books, and it will read newspapers and magazines. Does this mean that it isn’t doing its duty lately by Mr. Lang’s books—that it grudges its crowns and half-crowns for his reprints, on the paltry ground that it has already had the originals for sixpence or a penny? There seems, on the whole, to be some method in this form of popular madness. Or is Mr. Lang, after all, only rattling on in his old airy way, trying to startle us with a paradox, and not meaning anything in particular? Surely the assertion that the public “does not read books,” and that “there never was an age that read less,” is, literally taken, the veriest nonsense. Can Mr. Lang point to an age that read more books, or even half as many, or that was a hundredth part as liberal—say as just—to the makers of good books, as the present one? Is literary genius nowadays driven to live in a garret and dine off a shin-bone of beef, and to write cringing dedications and lying odes to pay for its garret and its dinner? Publishers may be presumed to be pretty good judges of their own business, and to know, even better than Mr. Lang, how many and what sort of books the public is willing to pay for. Do their yearly announcements show a falling-off in the demand for good literature? Even in this year of commercial depression, we learn in THE DIAL that “more than the usual number of important and expensive works” are announced, “with at least the usual number of books of serious and unquestionable interest.” Touching our lack of seriousness, at which Mr. Lang sneers,—well, perhaps this charge would be better worth noticing if it came from a writer who could himself remain serious for a half-dozen pages together. One thing is certain: nine-tenths of us (with all our frivolity) greatly prefer just those writings of Mr. Lang’s own in which the fun of Mr. Merryman is least obtrusive. Finally, Mr. Lang complains—not over-civilly—that the public is given to “cackling” (that’s his elegant word) about what it has not read. Perhaps the public may reply, by way of reprisal, that certain authors cackle so much, directly or allusively, about what they have read as to breed the suspicion that they never stray out of their libraries. Reading, we know, “maketh a full man,” and, within bounds, is an excellent thing; but isn’t over-reading pretty apt to make a man, what a political opponent once styled Mr. Mill, a mere “book in breeches”? Of course neglected authors have a prescriptive and indefeasible right to scold at the public, and to affect to regard it as a sort of philistine Goliath of Gath at whom the smallest literary David may have his fling. It does them good, and

we are not going to grudge them so cheap a lenitive to their smarts. But Mr. Lang, certainly, has not the neglected author’s excuse for his ill-humor with the public.

W. R. K.

Pittsfield, Mass., Oct. 3, 1894.

THE HEBREW AS A SAILOR.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I was not a little amazed to find in a recent number of THE DIAL the statement that “a son of Abraham . . . having anything to do with a ship” was “almost *contra naturam*.” Being a Frenchman by birth, I happen to know that nearly every year some Jewish boy enters the French Naval Academy, and that at the present time quite a number of “sons of Abraham” have reached distinguished rank in the navy of France. This is one sure proof that when not ostracized the Hebrew engages in as many varieties of occupations as the Gentile, no matter how hazardous they may be, no matter what an amount of bodily fatigue and danger they may entail.

ADOLPHE COHN.

Columbia College, New York, Oct. 4, 1894.

[Our correspondent rather overstates the point made by the reviewer—which was that one would not easily imagine “a son of Abraham bestriding a yard-arm, or having anything whatever to do with a ship—except, indeed, in the way of a bottomry bond,” and that “hitherto,” i. e., before reading the book under review, “a Jewish sailor had appeared in the light of a roc or hippogriff—the rarest kind of a *rara avis* and almost *contra naturam*.” Instances in *disproof* of the prepossession were then given from the book in question; and we thank our correspondent for having added to them.—EDR. DIAL.]

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH IN PREPARATORY SCHOOLS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In connection with your timely series of articles on the teaching of English at our colleges and universities, which have been to me and doubtless to many others of the greatest interest and value, I venture to suggest the importance of a discussion of the work done in this branch of teaching at secondary schools. My experience is that very many of the students who come to college from weak preparatory schools are almost hopeless, so far as appreciating literature is concerned. Too often they have become bewildered or disgusted with the subject; or, worse, they have learned a trick of superficial vamping about literature which is very hard to unlearn. In many cases, perhaps in most cases, the college teacher is compelled to direct his efforts toward correcting the blunders of incompetent fitting schools, to the neglect of his own aims and methods. A series of papers setting forth the work done in teaching English at representative fitting-schools and high schools would perhaps do an even greater service for teachers of English than the admirable series referred to. JOHN M. CLAPP.

Illinois College, Jacksonville, Ill., Oct. 6, 1894.

THE Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester, will reach this country in a few days. He will lecture before the Twentieth Century Club of Chicago on the 22d of November.

The New Books.

THE "EMINENT SCOUNDREL" IN LITERATURE.*

The monotonous regularity with which writers of the lives of eminent people have hitherto devoted their pens to celebrating virtue and good works is agreeably broken in "The Lives of Twelve Bad Men: Original Studies of Eminent Scoundrels." The title has an attractive ring. Here is a biographer who not only frankly owns that his heroes are no better than they should be, but estops himself at the outset from the tedious and altogether too common practice of whitewashing them. Indeed, as we shall show further on, to rob one of these worthies of a single jewel in the crown of his knavery would be to weaken his title to figure in the company in which the editor's judgment has placed him. It may seem at first glance as if Mr. Seccombe, in selecting his names, must have been sorely perplexed by an embarrassment of riches; for bad men, in the usual sense, have always been as plenty as blackberries. What—the reader may possibly ask—is one dozen among so many? History furnishes a long roll of what we are used to call bad men—relatively bad, that is, and sufficiently so to illustrate the otherwise obscurer virtues of their better contemporaries; while the most casual glance at existing society shows that the rascally tribe, so far from decaying, gives every sign of indefinite and triumphant survival. Mr. Seccombe, however, as we gather from his preface, has really been limited by a narrow principle of selection. Preëminence in ill-doing, absolute and unqualified badness, is the price of a niche in his pantheon.

Turning to his list of "eminent scoundrels," we find that it embraces the following worthies—a careful consideration of whose names reveals little to cavil at on the score of insufficient rascality: James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell (1536–1578); Sir Edward Kelley, necromancer (1555–1595); Matthew Hopkins, witchfinder (died 1647); Judge Jeffreys (1648–1689); Titus Oates (1649–1705); Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat (1667–1747); Col. Charteris, libertine (1675–1732); Jonathan Wild (1682–1725); James MacLaine, "gentleman-highwayman" (1724–1750); George Robert Fitzgerald, "Fighting Fitzgerald" (1748–

1786); Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, poisoner (1794–1852); Edward Kelley, bushranger (1855–1880).

In this "galaxy of stars," literature is ably represented by that pseudo-Italianate scoundrel and practical toxicologist, Thomas Griffiths Wainewright; and as he was really a man of some note, outside his criminality, and a friend of the leading literary and artistic lights of his day, some account of him here may not be amiss. In point of cool-blooded, subtly-contrived villainy, and utter callousness to the sufferings of the victims of his cowardly crimes, Thomas Griffiths, to our thinking, easily bears away the palm. Wainewright was born in 1794, at Chiswick, where his father was a practising solicitor. His parents dying during his infancy, he went to live with his grandfather, Dr. Ralph Griffiths, proprietor of the "Monthly Review," at Linden House, Turnham Green, a fine mansion with a rent value of four hundred a year. In 1803 Dr. Griffiths died, leaving £5,200 in trust for our hero; and his son, George Edward Griffiths, reigned at Linden House in his stead. On his grandfather's death, Thomas went to school at Charles Burney's academy at Hammersmith, and here evinced for the first time his love for art, his drawing-book showing, as his gratified master testified, "great talent and natural feeling." After leaving school, while still a mere boy, he was "placed frequently in literary society" (not very much to his profit, however), and for a short time devoted as much attention to painting as his naturally "giddy, flighty disposition" allowed him to devote to any one subject. This pursuit proving tame, he presently drifted into the army, where he served successively as an orderly officer in the Guards, and a cornet in a yeomanry regiment. About this period he seems to have fallen a victim to the wiles of Bacchus—or, vulgarly speaking, to have taken to drink; for we have his own statement that he habitually drank ten tumblers of punch of a morning, which modicum, he adds very credibly, had the effect of "obscuring his recollections of Michael Angelo as in a dun fog." The military ardor did not last long; in fact, nothing ever lasted long with Thomas Griffiths, except his inveterate yearning to leave off what he was doing, and set about doing something else. "My blessed art," he wrote, in his usual high-sailing style, "touched her renegade; by her pure and high influences the noisome mists [bred largely by the matutinal "ten tumblers," we presume]

* LIVES OF TWELVE BAD MEN: Original Studies of Eminent Scoundrels by Various Hands. Edited by Thomas Seccombe. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

were purged; my feelings, parched, hot, and tarnished, were renovated with a cool, fresh bloom, childly simple, beautiful to the simple-hearted." Naturally, in this chastened mood, Wordsworth's poems, breathing sweet naturalness and tender piety, touched his regenerate heart; and to testify conclusively to his change of spirit, he left the army, and liberally reduced his morning's allowance of punch. About this date (1820), "The London Magazine" was started, and it soon had a brilliant staff of contributors: Charles Lamb, Hood, Hartley Coleridge, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Procter, etc.,—and Wainwright. The latter wrote pretty frequently, under the pseudonyms of "Janus Weathercock," "Egomet Bonmot," and "Cornelius Vinkbooms," usually affecting fantastic titles. That Wainwright's prose had merit, is undeniable; while his love of art, his usual topic, was genuine, and his knowledge of it considerable.

But besides art, there was another subject on which Wainwright never tired of speaking; and that was his precious self. Once launched on this engaging theme, he rambles on with a sickening self-complacency, and an affected, mincing euphuism that prepares one to believe the worst of him. A thorough cad, he is forever proclaiming himself "a gentleman." Even when, a triple murderer and a condemned forger, he was in Newgate awaiting transportation for his crime, he still gloried in the one imperishable fact that he was "a gentleman." Nothing—not the dock, nor the gyves, nor Botany Bay—could erase that inbred distinction; and when a visitor asked him if he did not look back with shame on his past life, he briskly answered, quite in the old "Weathercock" vein:

"Not a bit. I have always been a gentleman, always lived like a gentleman, and I am a gentleman still. Yes, sir, even in Newgate I am a gentleman. The prison regulations are that we should each in turn sweep the yard. There are a baker and a sweep here besides myself. They sweep the yard; but, sir, they have never offered me the broom."

Having married, Wainwright found himself with an income of about £200—an altogether insignificant sum for one who, in the words of Oscar Wilde, was "an amateur of beautiful things, and a dilettante of things delightful." He lived well, dressed well, loved good wines, hot-house plants, majolica, rare books (he boasted some especially choice ones on poisons), etc., and like all respectable Englishmen he "kept his gig." He also entertained a good deal—such guests as Macready, Wilkie, Westall,

Lamb, Barry Cornwall, Forster, and Sergeant Talfourd, dining pretty often at his table. It is not surprising that, living at this gentlemanly rate on a beggarly two hundred a year, he soon found himself ruinously in debt; and he was gradually forced from one shady method of "raising the wind" to another still shadier, until he committed his first crime (outside of literature)—forgery. Unable, by the terms of the will, to touch the capital of the fund left him by his grandfather, he forged a trustees' order for £2,259 of it, secured the money, and was, for a brief space, relieved from pecuniary pressure. This first *coup* had, of course, the ultimate effect of lessening his regular income; and things were again rapidly drifting from bad to worse, when the wind was once more unexpectedly tempered to the shorn lamb. In 1828, a fortunate invitation opened Linden House to the married couple, and they accordingly took up their abode with their bachelor uncle, George Edward. The pecuniary possibilities of the situation at once flashed upon Wainwright. Here was a fine mansion which, on the demise of its owner, must pass by natural descent to his nephew—in fact, to him, Wainwright; and, what was still more important, a round sum of money must pass with it. The owner of the house was an old man—a disappointingly healthy one, it is true; but there is nothing so very remarkable, still less suspicious, in old men, however healthy, dying suddenly. Could not his demise be arranged to take place rather earlier than Nature demanded—almost immediately, in short? He would only be cheated of a few years at best; and his loss would be really inconsiderable compared with the handsome gain accruing from it to others. Convinced by his devil's logic, Wainwright at once proceeded to apply theory to practice. He had a curious knowledge of poisons—far in advance, it is said, of most medical men of his time; and here, at last, was a chance of testing this knowledge in a practical way. Unfortunately, the details of Wainwright's first experiment in toxicology are lost to science; but it is enough for us to know that it was perfectly successful. The venerable uncle died, a little in advance of his time, and Linden House passed quietly into the possession of its new owner.

But once again the relief brought to our insatiate "amateur of beautiful things" proved transitory. In the interim, moreover, his burdens had increased; for a son was born to him, and a now destitute mother-in-law, with

her two daughters, had come to live under his roof. Clearly, something must be done to stave off the creditors—now growing more and more vulgarly importunate, after the manner of their tribe; and Wainewright, in his dire extremity, naturally thought of his last brilliant operation. To quietly and unsuspectingly “remove” any or all of his household was quite within the bounds of practical science. He had proved that. But here the logical difficulty arose that none of these relatives had “expectations.” To make away with the impecunious mother-in-law, or her still more impecunious daughters, only meant risk of detection, besides the expense of a funeral. Plainly, that wouldn’t do. But the devil again inspired him. He had heard of the life insurance offices whose business it was to provide large payments in the event of premature death, in return for a small premium down. The problem was solved. In casting about for a victim for this new enterprise, Wainewright hit upon his sister-in-law, Helen Abercromby, as almost ideally suited to his purpose; and the diabolical *sang-froid* with which the reptile lured this charming and innocent girl into blindly furthering a plan that essentially involved her own destruction seems without a parallel in the annals of crime. Provided in advance with a trumped-up story with which to parry awkward inquiries, she was sent about from office to office, making, in her own name, proposals for short periods and for amounts in no case large enough to give rise to special investigation. Suspecting nothing, and swallowing her scruples as to the fictions imposed upon her, she put herself completely into her future murderer’s hands. Finally two proposals, each for £3,000, were accepted. Then a new difficulty arose in completing the transaction. The scheme was opposed by the girl’s mother, who not unreasonably urged the folly of insuring for short periods the life of a penniless and very healthy girl who was almost certain to outlive the policies. Wainewright was equal to the emergency; he saw an opportunity to rid himself of a provoking obstacle to his plans, and of a mother-in-law also, at one stroke, and he did not hesitate. Recourse was again had to science, with the natural result. Mrs. Abercromby, too, was prematurely gathered to her fathers.

After a decent interval of mourning, the assurance scheme was revived. Miss Abercromby made proposals to seven offices for an aggregate of over £20,000, of which £12,000

was accepted; and the promoter of the enterprise, satisfied with the total amount in view, concluded that things were ripe for the *dénouement*. At his instance, the girl put the final touch to the preparations for her own murder by making a will in favor of her sister Madeleine. The latter, it is needless to say, was also to be “removed” as soon as her pecuniary condition warranted it. Everything ready, Wainewright suddenly grew unusually kind, unremitting, in fact, in his delicate attentions to the sisters. One evening, after taking them to the play, the party had a supper of lobsters and porter. During the meal she began to feel strangely ill, “and in the night had a bad, restless headache and was very sick.” She grew rapidly worse.

“Dr. Locock, whom Mr. Forster describes as a distinguished physician, was called in. . . . She said, ‘Doctor, I am dying; I feel I am; I am sure so.’ He said, ‘You will be better by and by.’ The family nurse said that Mrs. Abercromby had died in the same way, and Helen cried out, ‘Yes, my mother! oh, my poor mother!’ The doctor left, but the convulsions returned, and an hour or so later she died. A grim figure in the sick chamber was the old nurse who from the first expected a fatal result, and who uttered gloomy and despairing cries to the effect that Helen’s mother and Dr. Griffiths had died in exactly the same manner.”

This was the vilest and probably the last (though others are charged) of Wainewright’s murders. Incredible as it may seem, he was never brought to trial for them, being transported for his first crime, forgery, in 1837. The damning facts we have outlined only came to light indirectly during the trial of the suit brought for the recovery of Helen Abercromby’s insurance—which suits, by the way, were won by the defendants on the ground of the girl’s misrepresentations. Forster, who, with Macready, Dickens, and Hablot Browne, visited Newgate just before Wainewright’s departure, gives a last glimpse of this unparalleled scoundrel. The party were suddenly startled by a tragic cry from Macready of “My God! there’s Wainewright.”

“In the shabby genteel creature, with sandy, disordered hair, and dirty moustache, who had turned quickly round with a defiant stare at our entrance, looking at once mean and fierce, and quite capable of the cowardly murders he had committed, Macready had been horrified to recognize a man familiarly known to him in former years, and at whose table he had dined.”

The volume is a handsomely appointed one, and it is altogether likely to attract at least its due share of attention. The illustrations, mostly portraits and cuts after curious paintings, call for special mention.

E. G. J.

THE SHERMAN LETTERS.*

The letters of General Sherman and Senator Sherman will interest different readers in different ways. Some will value them most as a direct contribution to our knowledge of their distinguished writers considered as biography. Some will regard them most highly as an addition to the history of the country in the long and interesting period which they cover. Others, ourselves included, will find the centre of interest in the materials that the book presents for the study of character. Here are two men of nearly the same age, brothers growing up under the same conditions and trained in their earliest years in the same way, who attain, not by adventitious means, but by sheer ability and force of character, the one the foremost place in the military service of his country, the other a place next below the highest in its political service, and excluded from the highest only by that logic of our later American politics which keeps those of highest ability and character and of greatest prominence from attaining the highest position; these men we have telling each other their acts, thoughts, and feelings, for more than fifty years, in the most unconscious fraternal correspondence. It is impossible for the reader who looks at the Sherman Letters from this point of view, not to see that General Sherman was by nature a soldier, while Senator Sherman was a statesman; and it is hard for him to resist for the moment the conviction that in such matters inheritance stands for more, and education and environment for less, than our current philosophy leads us to suppose. For us, the principal interest of the book lies in the opportunity that it furnishes to follow these two men as they move along their divergent paths from youth to age.

The story opens in 1837, with W. T. Sherman, then in his seventeenth year, just entering on his studies at West Point, and John Sherman, three years younger, serving as junior rodman in an engineer's corps on the Muskingum River Improvement; it closes in 1891, with General Sherman in retirement at New York, and Senator Sherman still in active duty at Washington. The reader suffers no loss because the senior brother wrote the larger number of letters, for the soldier was distinctly a better letter-writer than the politician. In part this was no doubt due to his more change-

ful life, but not wholly so. It is about as unprofitable to compare men of such different talents and careers as it is to discuss the relative ability of men and women; but one gets from the letters the distinct impression that the General, in quickness of insight, in frankness of character, in mobility of mind, in a word, in real genius, was the superior man. In the first period, 1837-1846, the letters are all from his hand. In the beginning his style is heavy and stiff, as well as frequently ungrammatical, but he soon begins to show that command of nervous and happily-phrased English which is characteristic of his later life, and which, while by no means always correct according to the rules laid down by the critics, is nevertheless always interesting. Still, when all is said, the remark that the editor makes of the General's boyish letters, that they are interesting only because they are his, has a wider application both to him and to the Senator.

For some years the older brother seems to have acted as a sort of fatherly monitor for the younger one. In January, 1840, he discussed the outlook of the engineer, concluding that a man in that profession could not look for constant employment, and therefore could not expect a sure and constant reward for his labor. He thought the States were likely to expend less money for public works than they had been doing, and he caught no glimpse of the coming wonderful expansion of private enterprise in that field. He had no vision of his brother's future career, and cherished no high ambition for him. His letter concludes:

"I have mentioned these things to you that you may reflect, while there is still time, of the propriety of selecting means to be resorted to in case of necessity. What more naturally suggests itself than a farm? Who can be more independent, more honest and honorable, who more sure of a full reward for his labor, who can bestow more benefits on his fellow-beings, and consequently be more happy, than an American farmer? If by any means you may be able to get some land in Ohio, Iowa, or Wisconsin, you should do so by all means, and more especially if it is partially improved. I do not mean for the purpose of speculation, but to make use of yourself."

Learning two months later that John is to study law, he says it would be impertinent for him to object, but the law would be his last choice of a profession. For himself, he intends to enter the army, although it is doubtful whether he shall remain in it for life. "Should I resign," he says, "it would be to turn farmer, if ever I can raise money enough to buy a good farm in Iowa." However it may be now, it was quite the fashion before the Civil War for offi-

*THE SHERMAN LETTERS. Correspondence between General and Senator Sherman, from 1837 to 1891. Edited by Rachel Sherman Thorndike. With portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

cers of the regular army to depreciate or despise politics and politicians; and General Sherman was no exception. A string of piquant passages expressive of that sentiment could be selected from his early letters. He did not take kindly to John's becoming a politician; on the other hand, he wrote him in October, 1844, as follows:

"What in the devil are you doing? Stump-speaking! I really thought you were too decent for that, or at least had sufficient pride not to humble and cringe to beg party or popular favor. However, the coming election will sufficiently prove the intelligence and patriotic spirit of the American people, and may deter you from committing a like sin again. . . . For my part, I wish Henry Clay to be elected, and should rejoice in his success, for various reasons; but I do not permit myself to indulge in sanguine feelings when dependence has to be placed on the pitch-and-toss game of party elections."

But the politician learned something in his school that he commended to the soldier's attention at a later day. For example, he told him, in August, 1862, that "the general popular sentiment is sometimes passionate, hasty, and intemperate, but after a little fluctuation it settles very near the true line." Again he tells him: "Take my advice, be helpful, cheerful, polite to everybody, even a newspaper reporter. They are in the main clever, intelligent men, a little too pressing in their vocation." Still, the General, to the end of his life, never took kindly to the ways of politics or to the arts of popularity. After the War was over and his reputation was firmly established, he shrank from life at the National Capital. In December, 1866, he wrote from St. Louis: "I do not want to come to Washington, but to stay away as long as possible. When Grant goes to Europe, then I shall be forced to come. The longer that is deferred, the better for me." And a few days later, in reference to the same subject: "There can be no satisfaction to me in being drawn into the vortex of confusion in which public affairs seem to be." President Johnson strove to thrust Sherman into his quarrel with Stanton and Grant, seeking first to make him Secretary of War, and later Brevet General of the Army. The honest soldier wrote him, in January, 1868, a manly letter of expostulation, declaring that Washington was objectionable to him because "it is the political capital of the country, a focus of intrigue, gossip, and slander." He spoke of the fate that had there befallen Generals Scott and Taylor, and pointed out the baneful influence of the Capital on the Army of the Potomac from the beginning of the War. He recounted the trials

that he had seen Grant pass through in the War, and declared:

"And yet I have never seen him more troubled than when he has been in Washington, and has been compelled to read himself a 'sneak and deceiver,' based on reports of four of the Cabinet and apparently with your [the President's] knowledge. If this political atmosphere can disturb the equanimity of one so guarded and prudent as he, what will be the result with one so careless and outspoken as I am? Therefore, with my consent, Washington never."

His removal to St. Louis in 1874 was primarily due to the strained relations between himself on the one hand and the War Department and the President on the other; but the old feeling of aversion had its influence. General Sherman saw that General Grant suffered in peace of mind and reputation by accepting the Presidency, and stoutly repressed all attempts to "bring him out" as a presidential candidate. He wrote in 1874:

"Dear Brother: Do n't ever give any person the least encouragement to think I can be used for political ends. I have seen it poison so many otherwise good characters, that I am really more obstinate than ever. I think Grant will be made miserable to the end of his life by his eight years' experiences. Let those who are trained to it keep the office, and keep the army and navy as free from politics as possible, for emergencies that may arise at any time. Think of the reputations wrecked in politics since 1865."

We are not surprised to find the General saying in 1872: "Grant, who never was a Republican, is your candidate, and Greeley, who never was a Democrat, but quite the contrary, is the Democratic candidate." But we are surprised to find the Senator assenting to the statement, and, what is more, adding that there was no essential difference in the platforms of the two parties.

General Sherman's letters show how much better he understood the political situation in the South previous to the Civil War than his brother and the Northern politicians generally; also how completely he grasped the military problem at the opening of the great strife. His famous saying, in 1861, that two hundred thousand men were necessary to defend Kentucky, which was then considered proof of his insanity, is now considered proof of his genius. His letters bearing on the mistaken ideas of men at the North in both periods are very interesting reading.

Previous to reëntering the army in 1861, General Sherman's career had been broken and on the whole discouraging. He had served a few years as a soldier in Florida and in California, and had been disappointed in his desire

to go to Mexico; he had been a banker in San Francisco and New York, and then for a year or two had taken up the law, despite his old jibes at his brother; he had acted as the head of a military school in Louisiana, and finally, just as the War was opening, drifted into the presidency of a street railway company in St. Louis. He was forty-one years of age, but nothing that he had done gave promise of a great career, although he had done well whatever he had undertaken. One or two letters breathe a note of discouragement. The War gave him his opportunity, and one of the pleasing features of the book is the sanguine confidence with which Senator Sherman, before the General had reëntered the army, marked out a great military future for him.

The volume abounds in quotable passages. We give two more, one written from Kansas, in May, 1859; the other from Paris, in June of the same year.

"Of course we are all expectation here to read news of the war in Italy. Our latest accounts are simply that the Austrians, after entering Piedmont, have manœuvred without any definite plan, giving full time for the Sardinians to organize, and for France to pour into Italy her well-equipped armies by every avenue of approach. We know, too, that the Emperor of Austria has gone to control the operations of his army, that the King of Sardinia is also his own generalissimo, and that Napoleon had sailed from Marseilles for Genoa, whence, I take it, he promptly crossed to Turin, and that he, too, will command in person. . . . If Napoleon can drive the Austrians out of all Italy, even from Venice and Trieste, and from thence north of the Styrian Alps, and then gradually surrender the power thus acquired to a federation of states, retiring to France, he would be the most celebrated man of this or any age. He can do so. The elder Bonaparte could not, as he was never cordially recognized by other governments; but Napoleon III. is so firmly fixed, to all appearance, in France, that he can moderate his plans, and cease conquest the moment his aim is accomplished. So few ambitious men, however, have been able to stop at the right place that fortune seems to tempt them beyond human depth into ruin; still, so wilful, silent, and determined has he shown himself that I expect that he will force the Austrians back from Italy, and then allow some form of government to control the Italian kingdoms, states, and republics. Austria, however, will not relinquish Trieste, Dalmatia, and Venice without a death-struggle, and it may be that the war now begun may spread and make as many dynastic changes as those wars which followed the French Revolution. I wish I were there to watch the operations and changes; but alas! I am in Kansas."

If the above extract shows clearly how the soldier misread the foremost man in Europe in 1859, the following shows no less clearly how the politician misread the history and genius of two foremost European peoples.

"My conclusions are all against the British government. . . . When Englishmen hereafter talk about

their rights, I will know what they mean. They do enjoy a limited liberty of speech and of the press, and then you have said all. It is a government of the aristocracy, more exclusive, repelling, and narrow than I conceived of. The House of Commons is the only pretended representation of the people, and that is but a mere pretense. The representation is so glaringly unequal that it is a surprise to me that the people will submit to it. As the members are not paid, and none can vote without property, it is a mere representation of money and not of men. Every regulation of the government, the rules of caste, the combined insolence and obsequiousness of all classes with whom I came in contact, were so unpleasant to me that, while my visit there was a constant enjoyment and a school, I would not live under the British Government for any consideration.

"The French government is much more tolerable. Louis Napoleon is emperor by usurpation, but I really think that the government is not only for the good, but is the choice of the people and others. There is the greatest personal liberty and equality here, and the institutions tend to advance equality and give a fair chance to merit. It is true that through the press people cannot discuss politics except on one side. In private life, and indeed in the saloons and public places, there seems no restraint. The administration of the law seems well conducted. Taxes, as compared with England, are light, and the Frenchman has no restraint, either by caste or law, from doing what he wishes, except that he must not write against the government. His equality with his neighbor is recognized. There is more freedom, if I might say so, more mixing of all classes of people here, and on terms of kindliness and equality, than you will find even in America. The blouses, the uniforms, and the black coats all sit and eat and chat together. On the whole, they have much more claim to be a 'free people' than the English, and hereafter I will know how to appreciate an English account of French tyranny."

The volume is admirable in mechanical execution, and is furnished with a good index. The most serious misprint that we have noticed is "Ladslen" for "Gadsden," page 54. If we have given the General more prominence than the Senator, we have also suggested the reason.

B. A. HINSDALE.

THOREAU'S LETTERS.*

In one respect at least, Thoreau has been a singularly fortunate man. He won for himself during his lifetime a devoted friendship which after his death made it a labor of love to see that his writings were adequately presented to a public that had not received them entirely with gratitude. Mr. Blake has done for his friend Thoreau what most men would think a heavy task if required by their own original work. Ellery Channing, the Concord recluse, has written a life of Thoreau which, in spite

* FAMILIAR LETTERS OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by F. B. Sanborn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

of some vagaries and considerable irrelevant matter, is a genuine contribution to American biographical literature. Alcott, in a letter given in the volume which occasions this brief article, says of Thoreau: "There has been none such since Pliny, and it will be long before there comes his like; the most sagacious and wonderful Worthy of his time, and a marvel to coming ones." One cannot forbear quoting a few lines from Emerson's splendid tribute:

"Through the green tents by eldest nature drest
He roamed, content alike with man and beast.
Where darkness found him, he lay glad at night;
There the red morning touched him with its light.

Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth,—his hall the azure dome."

To these eulogists must be added Mr. F. B. Sanborn, who brings to his labors his simple and refined style, his tact, his wide knowledge, his devotion to the subject. Mr. Sanborn shows again in this volume the qualities which make his biography of Thoreau a model of its kind. Surely the Concord group is not lacking in *pietät*.

Mr. Sanborn's book is what one must expect from the experienced hand that put it together. The introduction has the unusual fault that it is altogether too brief for the reader's profit and pleasure. The book is divided into three parts—"Years of Discipline," "The Golden Age of Achievement," "Friends and Followers"; and the division is certainly a happy one. The editor's passages in connection with or elucidation of the letters are always adequate and luminous; the volume becomes a familiar autobiography of Thoreau, fresh, thoroughly unconventional, and sufficiently complete. The acknowledgment of another debt to Mr. Sanborn gains strength from the many which he has already required from his readers.

The following paragraph from Mr. Sanborn's introduction is worth reproducing here, as it tells briefly how the establishment of Thoreau as a permanent figure in American literature has been gaining firmness ever since his too early death:

"The fortune of Henry Thoreau as an author of books has been peculiar, and such as to indicate more permanence of his name and fame than could be predicted of many of his contemporaries. In the years of his literary activity (twenty-five in all), from 1837 to 1862—when he died, not quite forty-five years old,—he published but two volumes, and those with much delay and difficulty in finding a publisher. But in the thirty-two years since his death, nine volumes have been published from his manuscripts and fugitive pieces,—the present being the tenth. Besides these, two biographies of Thoreau have appeared in America, and two

others in England, with numerous reviews and sketches of the man and his writings,—enough to make several volumes more. At the present the sale of his books and the interest in his life are greater than ever; and he seems to have grown early into an American classic, like his Concord neighbors, Emerson and Hawthorne. Pilgrimages are made to his grave and his daily haunts, as to theirs,—and those who come find it to be true, as was said by an accomplished woman (Miss Elizabeth Hoar) soon after his death, that 'Concord is Henry's monument, adorned with suitable inscriptions by his own hand.'"

The struggling writer of to-day may take this to his heart, and ponder on it; he must remember, however, that, like all authors who have had a similar destiny, Thoreau had something to say which was above all limitations of time and space, and will be as worth thinking and believing in the days to come as it was when he uttered it. He was a realist in the best sense of that term; he had his eye fixed upon the object; he certainly endeavored to see it as it was; but he made no effort to reproduce it in its crude isolation, or in the aspect which it assumed in some momentary relation between it and his own mind. He had a sufficient store of belief in himself, but he was not egotist enough to suppose that a transcription of his fleeting moods was of much importance to mankind at large. His representation of the object was always plentifully mixed with *thought*, and so we have a living landscape, filled with clear air and light. And then he had the transcendentalist's unfailing resource, high meditations, which were the reality in reality itself.

The letters presented in this selection show Thoreau from his gentlest and most familiar side. They are domestic and gossipy, they display his simple likes and dislikes, they will bring him closer to those who have long admired him, and will win for him friends who have been somewhat repelled by his satire and austerity. They are as characteristic as anything which he has left, and are permeated with the flavor which is his and no other man's. They also disclose his limitations, some of which he shared with his contemporaries, and some of which were his own peculiar property, and rather unduly estimated for that wholly unsatisfactory reason. It is possible here to give only a few extracts, but they will indicate what is to be expected by the reader who takes up Thoreau for the first time, and they will recall to the reader of many years the things and thoughts which he has found pleasant before.

Here is part of a letter to his sister Helen; it was written in 1837, when Thoreau was twenty years old. The child is, indeed, father of the man.

"Please you, let the defendant say a few words in defense of his long silence. You know we have hardly done our own deeds, thought our own thoughts, or lived our own lives hitherto. For a man to act himself, he must be perfectly free; otherwise he is in danger of losing all sense of responsibility or of self-respect. . . . Further, letter-writing too often degenerates into a communicating of facts, not truths; of other men's deeds and not our thoughts. What are the convulsions of a planet, compared with the emotions of a soul? or the rising of a thousand suns, if that is not enlightened by a ray?"

The longer and more important letters are written to Mr. Blake. Thoreau apparently opened his heart to the latter, and to his English friend Cholmondeley. Here is a passage with the authentic savor:

"Shall, then, the maple yield sugar, and not man? Shall a farmer be thus active, and surely have so much sugar to show for it, before this very March is gone,—while I read the newspapers? . . . Am I not a sugar-maple man, then? Boil down the sweet sap which the spring causes to flow within you. Stop not at syrup,—go on to sugar, though you present thy world with but a single crystal,—a crystal not made from trees in your yard, but from the new life that stirs in your pores. Cheerfully skim your kettle, and watch it set and crystallize, making a holiday of it if you will. Heaven will be propitious to you as to him.

"Say to the farmer, There is your crop; here is mine. Mine is a sugar to sweeten sugar with. If you will listen to me, I will sweeten your whole load,—your whole life."

All the familiar figures cross the pages in some way—Emerson, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Parker, the Channings, Hawthorne, and the rest. We are back again in that enthusiasm and kindling faith which have yielded those products which best deserve the name of literature of any yet fashioned on this side of the Atlantic. The interest of it all appears as fresh as ever, and demands our attention as much as ever. The men and women of that time did not work in material wholly ephemeral; they searched for what was lasting, and they found it; they tried to learn what life and progress meant; they had no time to waste in empty complainings or sickly coddlings of the emotions; they labored hard and seriously, and what they left belongs to the most important contributions made to man's pleasure and wisdom by the planet in this century.

LOUIS J. BLOCK.

THE Twentieth Century Club of Chicago entertained Dr. Conan Doyle on the evening of the 12th, this being the first meeting of the season. The distinguished novelist discoursed to a large audience upon the subject of recent English fiction. The meeting was held at the residence of Mr. H. N. Higinbotham, ex-President of the Columbian Exposition.

WEALTH AGAINST COMMONWEALTH.*

Mr. Henry D. Lloyd has rendered a patriotic service to his country by writing the history of the rise and growth of the great monopolies whose existence is a menace to republican government. He marshals his facts with the skill of a journalist trained in dialectics. These, gathered from official records, from decisions of courts and of special tribunals, from the verdicts of juries in criminal cases, oath-sworn testimony subjected to the rules of evidence, and reports of legislative committees, become real, possessing all of the power of living truth. His narrative is intense, revealing at times a restrained feeling of indignation, at others an appreciation of the humorous phase of the social contest; but it is always dignified and sincere. We are confronted with a problem that must needs be speedily solved.

"There are no solitary truths, Goethe says, and monopoly—as the greatest business fact of our civilization, which gives to business what other ages gave to war and religion—is our greatest social, political, and moral fact."

It is rapidly transforming our Republic. How? By placing in the hands of a few the power that of right belongs to all. These have seized upon what they possess. Pursuing a career of robbery at first under the forms of law, they have come to be superior to law, defying all popular tribunals.

Science prepared the way for the practical use of petroleum, which was found in unlimited quantities after Colonel Drake's discovery in 1860. It was obtainable at a nominal price, so that—

"Poor men, building little stills, could year by year add on to their work, increase their capital, and acquire the self-confidence and independence of successful men. There was a free market for the oil as it came out of the wells and out of the refineries, and free competition between buyers and sellers, producers and consumers, manufacturers and traders. Industries auxiliary to the main ones flourished. Everywhere the scene was of expanding prosperity, with, of course, the inevitable percentage of ill-luck and miscalculation; but with the balance, on the whole, of such happy growth as freedom and the bounty of nature have always yielded when in partnership. The valleys of Pennsylvania changed into busy towns and oil-fields. The highways were crowded, labor was well employed at good wages, new industries were starting up on all sides, and everything betokened the permanent creation of a new prosperity for the whole community, like that which came to California and the world with the discovery of gold."

In ten years the net product had grown to be 6,000,000 barrels of oil a year, employing a capital of \$200,000,000 and supporting a population of 60,000 people, who were provided with schools, churches, lyceums, theatres, libraries, newspapers, and boards of trade.

A shadow fell upon this scene of human activity. Its great promise was struck with a blight. There

* WEALTH AGAINST COMMONWEALTH. By Henry Demarest Lloyd. New York: Harper & Brothers.

were panics in oil speculation, bank failures, defalcations, followed by distress and the violent acts of despair. The year 1872 marked the beginning of a new order of things. Ten years before "a man of brains and energy, without money," had appeared in Cleveland and started a small refinery. He associated others with him, and prosecuted his business with such marked success that when disaster overtook others he was in a position to profit by it. His prosperity was in the ratio of the bankruptcy, the ruin of competition. The public agitation was great. Investigations by State legislatures and by Congress followed, only to be suppressed by some invisible power. But it was revealed to the people that "They, and the production, refining, and transportation of their oil, had been made the subject of a secret 'contract' between certain citizens. The high contracting parties to this treaty for the disposal of an industrial province were, on one side, all the great railroad companies, without whose services the oil, crude or refined, could not be moved to refineries, markets, or ports of shipment on river, lake, or ocean. On the other side was a body of thirteen men, 'not one of whom lived in the oil regions, or was an owner of oil wells or oil lands,' who had associated themselves for the control of the oil business under the winning name of the South Improvement Company."

Ten of these thirteen proprietors of the South Improvement Company were members of the oil trust, known and feared the world over. With them the railroads had contracted to increase the freight rates on oil so as to destroy their competition; to give them the advance collected from these competitors, and to rebate to them on their own business all above the old rates. Thus the company of thirteen, and not the railroad companies, was to get the benefit of the additional charge made to the people. This was estimated to amount to eighteen thousand dollars a day in the year the contract was made.

Having succeeded in effecting this powerful combination, the trust proceeded to the conquest of the world. This was not accomplished in a season. To absorb the properties of competition on their own terms was the first step, the ingenuity and boldness of which mark the master-mind in control. When the competitors were convinced that they were shut out from their markets,—that they could not afford to pay the double rates the transportation companies prescribed, and that even if they could cars would be denied them,—they were in a frame of mind to accept the terms the enemy offered. The capacity of their refineries was reduced one-half, which enabled the trust to advance the rates five hundred per cent to the public, and to pocket profits that in five years amounted to a fabulous sum. Emboldened by this success, the next step was the absorption of the independent refineries. The sales which were forced were kept secret, and the victimized proprietors became the salaried employees of the trust.

In a city not a hundred miles from Cincinnati, two brothers had inherited a business of forty thou-

sand dollars a year, which had been built up by the energy and ability of their father. They were happy and contented in their business associations, and were esteemed as among the most useful and solid members of the community. In time they were invited by an agent of the trust to sell their business. "We do not want to sell," they replied. "Then we shall have to compel you to," was the parting warning. Through the aid given by the railroad companies, the trust obtained the names of their customers, to whom goods were offered at rates they could not meet. When their business was taken away, the trust succeeded in buying their property at a nominal valuation, and in securing the services of the unfortunate brothers as employees.

In Cleveland a widow was conducting a business left by her husband, at a profit of \$25,000 a year. She refused an invitation to sell, and was warned that if she did not sell she would be ruined. Then in time the head of the trust called on her. The result of this visit was afterwards revealed in court. The widow told the great man that she realized that her company was entirely in his power.

"All I can do is to appeal to your honor as a gentleman, and to your sympathy, to do the best with me that you can. I beg of you to consider your wife in my position, left with this business and with fatherless children, and with a large indebtedness that my husband had just contracted for the first time in his life. I felt that I could not do without the income arising from this business, and I have taken it up and gone on, and been successful in the hardest year since my husband commenced." He promised, with tears in his eyes, that he would stand by her. "He agreed that I might retain whatever amount of stock I desired. He seemed to want only the control. I thought his feelings were such that I could trust him, and that he would deal honorably by me."

She appraised her property at \$200,000, and the directory of her company approved the sale at that figure. But the sale was made without her volition, at \$71,000; and she was required to sign a bond not to go into the refining business for ten years. This was caring for the widow and the fatherless in a manner worthy a robber baron of other days.

These cases illustrate the method usually pursued to obtain possession of the refining business. But when this failed, property was destroyed and life placed in jeopardy. The end justified the means, in the opinion of these gamblers for wealth.

There has not been wanting resistance on the part of the people interested in the oil fields; and enterprising competition has appeared again and again. Shut out from railroad transportation, American ingenuity suggested a pipe line reaching to a lower level; then invented a power pump to force the crude oil to any level; and finally discovered that refined oil could be forced through a tube for hundreds of miles without loss of quality. But every improvement was resisted by the great combination. At one point in Northern Pennsylvania an armed force and a Gatling gun checked

the construction of a pipe line. The aid of courts, and aggravating suits, were means employed to harass and break down opposition. When at last the independents succeeded in getting their oil to the seaboard, the shipping docks of the several trunk lines were found to be in possession of the trust. At one time the Pennsylvania Railroad Company broke up the combination and went into opposition. Backed by the other trunk lines, the trust waged the war with such vigor as to bring the Pennsylvania Company to terms and compel it to enter into a new contract in 1885—"a contract so vicious and illegal," said the counsel of the independent refiners before the Interstate Commerce Commission, "that the Pennsylvania Railroad refuses to bring it into court for fear a disclosure of its terms might subject it to a criminal prosecution."

Thus the oil sea of the American continent has produced its octopus as well as the salt sea, but of a size commensurate with the magnitude of its prey, its all-powerful arms furnished with a thousand times 960 pairs of suckers. But we may not dwell on this absorbing phase of our subject.

The history of the oil trust illustrates, says our author,

"Nearly every phase of the story of our great monopoly: dearness instead of cheapness; willingness of the managers of transportation to deny transportation to whole trades and sections; administration of great railroad properties in direct opposition to the interests of the owners—to their great loss—for the benefit of favorites of the officials; great wealth thereby procured by destruction, as if by physical force, of wealth of others, not at all by creation of new wealth to be added to the general store; impossibility of survival in modern business of men who are merely honest, hard-working, competent, even though they have skill, capital and customers; subjection of the majority of citizens and dollars to a small minority in numbers and riches; subservience of rulers of the people to a faction; last, and most disheartening, the impotence of the special tribunal [Interstate Commerce Commission] created to enforce the rights of the people on their highways. . . .

"The smokeless rebate makes the secret of success in business to be, not manufacture, but manufacture—breaking down with a strong hand the true makers of things. To those who can get the rebate, it makes no difference who does the digging, building, mining, making, producing the million forms of the wealth they covet for themselves. They need only get control of the roads. All that they want of the wealth of others can be switched off the highways into their hands.

"From using railroad power to give better rates to the larger man, it was an easy step to using it to make a favorite first a larger man, then the largest man, and finally the only man in the business. In meat and cattle we see men rising from poverty to great wealth. From being competitors, like other men, in the scramble, they get into the comfortable seat of control of the prices at which the farmer must sell cattle, and at which the people must buy meat. Many other men had thrift, sobriety, industry, but only these had the rebate, and so only these are the 'fittest in the struggle for existence.'"

Our author observes that in the United States

the processes of business feudalization are moving more rapidly to the end than in any other country. The middle classes, the keepers of small retail stores, small manufacturers, are being crowded out, and a few men in each trade are rising to supreme wealth. The independence of the old order is rapidly giving way to dependence on the power of wealth, before which skill, ability, industry, with limited means, stand helpless. The success of the men who have formed the great trusts is tempting the ambitious in other lines of trade to bring about combinations that shall concentrate power in a few hands. An examination of prices of fourteen staple products during the depression of 1893 shows that granulated sugar, petroleum, steel rails, and anthracite coal—all controlled by strong trusts—declined not quite ten per cent, whereas the prices of the other ten staple products, subject to the natural laws of trade, declined twenty-four per cent. As the cost of production can be lowered faster in factory than in farm products, it is clear that the natural order is reversed under the influence of trusts. Where does this tend? When we shall have further extended this policy of concentration, what will be the status of the American people? The shred of republican government remaining will not be worth preserving. Already the courts and executive departments are laughed to scorn. The law for the protection of the people is dead. As, in the days of the old East India Company, the sign-manual of the manager, Mr. Child, was held in greater favor in Bombay or Calcutta than an act of Parliament, so in the model Republic at the close of the nineteenth century, the expressed wish of our monopoly is the law.

Independent America was the first great protest of a united people against monopoly. In the early days of the mother country no market could be opened without authority of the King, and no ship could unload in any bay or estuary which he had not declared to be a port. This principle, extended to commerce, made the industries of the American Colonies dependent wholly on the kingly will expressed through the British Board of Trade. We rebelled, and set human industry and commerce free. The individual secured liberty for development. America became great; her people intelligent and happy. But these very conditions have invited an enemy to enter and set up a tyranny. Our highways, our seaports, are subject to his will. Thus we have returned to subjection without the saving grace of obedience to lawful authority. The sacrifices of revolution and of civil war to extirpate a slave oligarchy had better have been spared, if we are to fail in self-government at last. But we shall not fail. The outlook is dark, but we shall find the narrow path of duty leading to the true, the imperishable light, and, as a people, be endowed with the courage to follow it.

Many questions are suggested by Mr. Lloyd's story of the trusts, which cannot be considered in limited space. The great danger at present confronting us is the tendency to extreme measures of

redress. If, in dealing with the railroad question, we are governed by the broad spirit pervading the great opinion of Mr. Justice Harlan, recently delivered, we shall find out what is just for all parties. It is certain that if the managers of the railroads of the country have made great mistakes, as they surely have, the investors in railroad securities have already suffered to an extent that entitles them to special consideration. Upon high authority it is shown that during the past decade 74,348 miles of railway operated by 311 independent corporations, and capitalized at \$3,853,371,000, passed from the control of stockholders into that of receivers appointed by the courts on account of insufficient revenue to meet the expenses of operation, taxes, and interest. In 1871 the dividends paid averaged \$1.265 per mile of line; in 1882 the average was \$952; in 1893 only \$572.*

Let it not be said that we are incapable of adjusting the railroad complications confronting labor and capital, on an equitable basis. We are at the threshold of a settlement. And these once adjusted, we shall have leisure for dealing with other questions that seriously affect the political, social, and moral well-being of the American people. I very much doubt whether we shall witness a repetition of the humiliating spectacle of the legislative branch of government obeying the behests of the sugar trust. The public conscience will make itself felt. It will be quickened and strengthened by reading the last two chapters of Mr. Lloyd's book, which deal with the moral phase of the questions at issue. "If all will sacrifice themselves, none need be sacrificed. But if one may sacrifice another, all are sacrificed." That is the spirit. "In industry we have been substituting all the mean passions that can set man against man in place of the irresistible power of brotherhood. To tell us of the progressive sway of brotherhood in all human affairs is the sole message of history." Our author is optimistic. He believes that democracy is not a lie; that there "live in the body of the commonalty the unexhausted virtue and the ever-refreshed strength which can rise equal to any problems of progress." Happy shall we be as a people if we do not mistake the true road for that which leads back to barbarism.

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.

*"The Forum" for October, 1894, Art., "Can Railroad Rates Be Cheapened?"

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Ethics of
Citizenship.*

Professor John Maccunn's small volume upon "The Ethics of Citizenship" (Macmillan) is one of the most remarkable books of political philosophy that have been published for years. It deserves a place by the side of such works as Mill's "Liberty" and Mr. John Morley's "Compromise." This praise is due, not to anything startling or even novel in the contents, but simply to the ripeness of its thought and

the unfailing soundness of view displayed. It discusses such subjects as equality, fraternity, natural rights, the rule of the majority, political consistency, the effects of democracy upon character, and the economic and ethical aspects of luxury. It would seem as if nothing new could possibly be said upon these subjects, and, as has already been suggested, the weight of Professor Maccunn's treatment comes from its manner rather than from its matter. The treatment is highly abstract, but the author knows how to clothe abstractions with the charm of a carefully-considered, dignified, and even noble, style. Particularly noticeable is the use that he makes of what is evidently a wide range of reading. He does not quote in blocks, as is so often done, but has a positive genius for the selection and use of the telling phrase of Burke, or of Carlyle, or of Mazzini. Nor are the poets neglected, a fact which we may illustrate by the extremely effective use of Burns at the close of a chapter on "The Rights of Man," as well as by many another apposite bit from Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Arnold. As an example of the author's style, let us take a passage from the discussion of political consistency. After eloquently setting forth the evils that flow from the ignorance, the haste, and the self-interest of the politician, he goes on as follows: "There is no direct remedy. For it is not by wishes or resolves, not by warnings or exhortations, that men are ever likely to be kept consistent. They must learn to take that longer way round which is the shortest way home. They must first do their part to secure the conditions of the thing they covet. To Knowledge they must add Deliberation, and to Deliberation, Disinterestedness, in well-grounded confidence that, though these great elements of character can only blend into effective union through time and experience, the man who has them has at least the stuff out of which consistency is made. Most of all must they learn from earliest years to love their country with that deep and settled affection which, above all other influences, can redeem men's public lives from the most fatal forms of inconsistency. If one were asked what was the secret of the consistency of Mazzini, it would not be enough to answer that he had an ideal. It would be needful to add that it was an ideal on which he had set not only mind but heart, and to point out that, through all defeats, disillusionments, and disgusts, his affections never swerved from that vision that upheld him of an Italy free, united, and republican." The tone of Professor Maccunn's book is that of the sobered optimism that comes to all deeply reflective souls, rather than of the pessimism that we find, for example, in the late Mr. Pearson's "National Life and Character." He is not despondent for democracy, like the late Sir Henry Maine, but hopeful, like our own Lowell. Democracy, in our day, is growing tolerant; since Bentham's time, it has gone to school. "It has given ear to the tales of the travellers, and to the researches of the ethnologist, who have made even the popular mind familiar with customs, morals, laws, which are not its

own. It has listened to the student of other countries and other civilizations, to which perhaps Democracy has never come. The historian has told his story of men greater even than modern reformers, and of events more momentous even than reform bills. The magic of historical romance has shown how lives, heroic, gentle, saintly, could be lived under old Feudalism as well as under new Radicalism. And the political philosopher, even the political reformer, has ceased to wish to fashion men and things anew. For he has come to see that not only for the sake of the hoarded wisdom of past experience, but in obedience to Evolution and the very laws of life, the Radical who would look forward to posterity must also, in a deeper sense than Burke imagined when he used the words, look backwards to his ancestors."

*Domestic Life
in the Army.*

The domestic side of army life is drawn with unrelenting realism in Mrs. Orsemus Bronson Boyd's "Cavalry Life in Tent and Field" (Tait & Sons). The writer, an officer's wife, started for the Far West to join her husband in 1867; and from that time to 1885, when she was left a widow, the breaks in the monotony of her career as an "army lady" seem to have been about on a par with Mrs. Primrose's migrations from the blue bed to the brown. Military life, in the piping times of peace, is a poor one at best; and Mrs. Boyd does not idealize it. Not that her book is a dull one. A faithful transcript of personal experiences, it is to our thinking much more interesting, and certainly more edifying, than the familiar brass-button novel, with its wire-drawn expansions of garrison gossip and flirtation, and its sentimentalized view of garrison life. To the delusions bred of these airy productions, Mrs. Boyd furnishes a wholesome corrective. Take, for instance, the picture of her first "home" in the West—a cheerful abode, "formed of two wall tents pitched together so the inner one could be used as a sleeping and the outer as a sitting room. A calico curtain divided them, and a carpet made of barley sacks covered the floor. The wall tents were only eight feet square, and when windowless and doorless, except for one entrance, as were those, they seemed from the inside much like a prison." Such was Mrs. Boyd's home for the first year of her married life. Love, of course, laughs at more dangerous foes than locksmiths; but one fancies that a year in a wall tent would put him to a rather serious test. Some of Mrs. Boyd's experiences are amusing enough, notably those with her soldier cooks. One of these worthies (evidently a "pampered menial," as the old verse has it) used to strongly object to "cooking for company." On one occasion, when in his cups, he distinguished himself and extinguished his mistress "by reeling in before a whole party of friends who were awaiting luncheon, and declaring that he was no slave, nor had he engaged himself as a hotel cook." "His freedom of manner," adds the good-natured narrator, "was

so natural among frontier people, that everyone laughed, and all sallied out in the dining room, where we passed around bowls of bread and milk." This frontier "freedom of manner," by-the-by, was early brought to Mrs. Boyd's notice at Ruby, a halting-place on the first journey overland to Nevada, where she overheard a station-lounger ask her husband, with a show of polite interest, "How did the old woman stand the trip?"—the "old woman" being then a bride of a few months' standing. The book is readable and informing, in its way, and it contains a portrait of Captain Boyd, with some account of his career and character.

*A surprising
collection of
American authors.*

Miss Mildred Rutherford has compiled a work upon "American Authors" (Atlanta: The Author), which we have examined with considerable interest, not unmixed with amusement. It includes writers known and unknown to fame, in about equal proportions. That it might have included still more of the latter class is hinted at in a prefatory note which informs us that "in the South alone there are over 3500 writers." We are spared many of these, and might have been spared more,—Mrs. Lollie Belle Wylie, for instance, some of whose poems, we are informed, "are quite striking." Even the "Sweet Rose of Florida," who gets five pages of this book, is, we blush to confess it, unknown to us. The quality of Miss Rutherford's work may best be shown by a few brief extracts. Of George Ripley we are told that "he possessed valuable books in German and French." Walt Whitman "can never reach the refined circle of humanity." 'Cos why? "He appeals to the worst part of our nature, not the best." F. S. Saltus "had no reverence for the Bible, and often gave strange versions of the records there." As for Colonel Ingersoll, we suppose that he must be beyond hope; for does not this writer, after relating some choice anecdotes of obviously journalistic origin, piously exclaim: "Alas! morality cannot save!" After this, we are not surprised to read that "Ben Hur" is "truly a great book," and that the productions of the late E. P. Roe "are safe books to place in the hands of our young people." *Apropos* of the latter ingenious writer, this remark is made: "Matthew Arnold's unjust criticism of Roe may have been caused from mistaking another Roe's works for his." According to the best of our recollection, Mr. Arnold simply said that the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley were reported to derive a large share of their intellectual sustenance from the writings of a native author called Roe. But this was an "unjust criticism" of the Mississippi Valley, not of Roe. A description of one of the productions of Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler tells us that the book "is filled with passion, deep intrigue, wild jealousy, hatred, murder, and terrible revenge." After this, it is somewhat tame to come upon so simple a statement as that the conversations of Mr. Howells "while flippant are natural." The book may be described,

on the whole, as an uncritical hodge-podge, seasoned with mythical anecdotes, of which an excellent example is the yarn about Professor Boyesen and the lady who became his wife. It is needless to say that the story is a baseless fabrication, probably due to the imagination of some newspaper writer hard-pressed for "copy."

*University
Extension
addresses.*

University Extension has been made the target of many jibes and shafts of more or less ill-tempered criticism from those who judge all educational movements from the standpoint of a narrow scholasticism, and who condemn the Extension movement because it modestly helps within its own sphere and does not attempt the impracticable. But in spite of the humorous pictures of blacksmiths wrestling with the intricacies of Browning's poetry, and the pathetic descriptions of housemaids perplexed by the choruses of Greek tragedy, the movement has gone on its way, has reached the respectable age of twenty-one, and is now more firmly than ever before fixed in the educational machinery of England and the United States. How seriously it has been taken in England, at least, is made sufficiently clear by the names of the men who have identified themselves with it to the extent of addressing the students of the London Society at the annual meetings of that body. These meetings were started in 1886 with an address by Mr. G. J. Goschen, and the speakers for the subsequent years have been Mr. John Morley, Sir James Paget, Professor Max Müller, the Duke of Argyll, the Bishop of Durham, Canon Browne, Professor Jebb, and Lord Playfair. Although the addresses of some of these men have already seen the light elsewhere, it was an excellent idea to collect the nine in a single volume, as has now been done, the volume being appropriately entitled "Aspects of Modern Study" (Macmillan). That all of the men thus represented are convinced of the value of Extension work is sufficiently evident from the tenor of their utterances. Aside from their special bearings, these nine essays constitute a volume of educational discussion of the most suggestive sort, and deserve to be widely read. Where all are good, it is invidious to single out a few for special praise, but we may perhaps be permitted to call particular attention to Mr. Morley's address on "The Study of Literature," and to Professor Jebb's beautiful study of "The Influence of the Greek Mind on Modern Life."

*Outlines of
American
Literature.*

Mr. Seldon L. Whitcomb's "Chronological Outlines of American Literature" (Macmillan) is a companion volume to Mr. Frederick Ryland's similar treatment of English literature on the other side of the Atlantic. To the usefulness of that work, published in 1890, we can testify from much experience, and it is with great satisfaction that we place Mr. Whitcomb's compilation by the side of the other upon the shelf. The same general plan is followed: the

parallel columns being headed as in Mr. Ryland's book, excepting that we have here a new column of "British Literature" (which was of course necessary), and that the annotations are given by Mr. Whitcomb at the foot of the page. It goes without saying, also, that the treatment is much fuller in the present case, which none will esteem a fault, although the wish may emerge that Mr. Ryland's book might be extended to relatively comparable dimensions. The column headed "Foreign Literature" is also much elaborated, and the historical column strengthened. We may add that—a most important feature, although not a new one—the beginnings of the most important American periodicals are chronicled under their respective dates. The first entry is John Smith's "True Relation" (1608); the last is "The Standard Dictionary" (1894). The entries up to 1640 ("The Bay Psalm Book") are, of course, of books printed in England. The following list of the veterans among our living writers has been gleaned from the index of "Authors and Their Works," and is not without interest. The venerable Judge Gayarré (1805) heads the list. Then comes Mr. Robert C. Winthrop (1809), Mrs. Stowe (1812), Mr. Parke Godwin (1816), Mr. William E. Channing (1818), Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mr. W. W. Story (1819), Dr. E. E. Hale and Mr. D. G. Mitchell (1822), Colonel T. W. Higginson (1823), Mr. C. G. Leland (1824), Mr. R. H. Stoddard, Mr. Henry C. Lea, and Professor F. J. Child (1825). These fourteen survive from the first quarter of our century. *Per contra*, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (1858) is the latest comer in the ranks.

*Early New
York history.*

A series of papers by Thomas A. Janvier on early New York history and topography, collected under the title of "In Old New York" (Harper), forms a volume of much local and fair general interest. Mr. Janvier writes entertainingly, and his pages are brimful of forgotten fact and curious reminiscence. Notably good are the pictures of old New Amsterdam days, when the placid Dutchmen, as yet unruffled by the forays of their New England neighbors, smoked their pipes and contemplated their cabbages on the banks of the odorous canal in Broad Street. Since Irving, historians have felt rather bound to gird pleasantly at these multi-breeched ancestors of Gotham's Brahmins; and Mr. Janvier follows the irreverent rule. In point of morals, New Yorkers of two hundred years ago would seem—if we are to believe the Reverend John Miller, resident Chaplain to the King's forces—a pretty bad lot. The reverend gentleman, after roundly scoring the Province at large, berates the citizens of New York in particular as "drunkards and gamblers," and adds: "This, joined to their profane, atheistical, and scoffing methods of discourse, makes their company extremely uneasy to sober and religious men." In the paper on "Greenwich Village" we are afforded a glimpse of Thomas Paine, who, about

1809, lived in a house in Herring street (now 293 Bleecker) where Mr. Janvier's informant often saw him at his window: "The sash was raised, and a small table or stand was placed before him with an open book upon it which he appeared to be reading. He had his spectacles on, his left elbow rested upon the table or stand, and his chin rested between the thumb and fingers of his hand; his right hand lay upon his book, and a decanter containing liquor of the color of rum or brandy was standing next his book or beyond it." Touching the contents of this decanter, it would perhaps be more charitable to guess that the ex-staymaker (who was an admirer of Berkeley) was assisting his meditations and solacing his labors with tar-water. We refer the point to Mr. M. D. Conway. Mr. Janvier's book is beautifully illustrated, and it contains several useful maps and charts.

*A student's
Anglo-Saxon
Dictionary.*

"A Concise Anglo-Saxon Dictionary for the Use of Students" (Macmillan), by Dr. John R. Clark Hall, fills a vacant place and supplies a real need. The old Bosworth is badly out of date, and the new Bosworth is still far from completion. Dr. Hall's work consequently provides the student with just what he wants pending the complete revision of Bosworth, and will, indeed, provide most students with as full a dictionary as they will need at all. The original plan of the author was "to collect into one volume the information contained in the numerous glossaries to Anglo-Saxon text-books, readers, etc., which have appeared in England, America, and Germany within the last fifteen years or so—such books, for instance, as Sweet's Reader, Harrison and Sharp's Beowulf, and Kluge's Lesebuch." But as the work progressed, the original plan suffered several expansions, and now includes the Wright-Walker Vocabularies, Harrison and Baskerville's translation of Grosschopp, Leo's Angelsächsisches Glossar, a concordance to the MSS. of Alfred prepared by the author for separate publication, the new Bosworth as far as published, and a number of unglossaried texts. Among matters of detail we note the strictly alphabetical arrangement, the reduction of spelling to the Early West Saxon standard (provided the forms actually occur), the use of the macron as the only diacritical mark, the reference of many words to the MSS. in which they occur, the grammatical references to Sweet's Reader and to Cook's Sievers, and the large number of cross-references. The work is a square octavo of 369 three-columned pages.

*Memoirs of
Pasquier's
Memoirs.*

Pasquier's third volume of Memoirs (Scribner), opening with the first Bourbon restoration and closing with the earlier events of the second, will prove of absorbing interest to serious readers. The story of the Hundred Days is luminously treated, chiefly from the political standpoint; and the book throughout is rich in incidents that fell under Pasquier's immediate notice. Commenting on Waterloo, he describes the dissatisfaction of the marshals over

Grouchy's appointment, at the previous council at Charleroi, to the very important command of the army corps constituting the right flank. After the council, it seems, Soult, as spokesman for his colleagues, returned, and informed the Emperor that the marshals considered it their duty to say that they believed Grouchy had received a command altogether disproportionate to his talents. Capable of executing in the field, with brilliancy and effect, orders immediately given him, he was incapable of an initiative, and lacked the perspicacity needed to modify orders in obedience to new and unforeseen conditions. Grouchy, in short, was a serviceable tool—but only a tool. Napoleon, continues Pasquier, strode up and down for a few moments, as was his custom, without answering, and then said: "You are right, sir; Marshal Grouchy is not endowed with any great ability; but what am I to do? I have just given him his baton, and I cannot refuse him a command. Moreover, I have placed by his side two of the army's best lieutenant-generals; they will guide him, and, besides, I will constantly have my eye on him." "After this, Sir, our responsibility ceases," said Soult, as he withdrew. Whether or no the loss of the battle of Waterloo is rightly laid at Grouchy's door, is a question; but it is certain his appointment was a disastrous one. All in all, the Pasquier Memoirs may be regarded as the weightiest and most critical of recent contributions to Napoleonic history.

BRIEFER MENTION.

From the special publication department of Messrs. Ginn & Co. we have received an edition of the Tacitean "Dialogus de Oratoribus," prepared by Mr. Alfred Gudeman of the University of Pennsylvania. This edition, including, as the title-page adds, "prolegomena, critical apparatus, exegetical and critical notes, bibliography, and indexes," is upon a scale that may fairly be termed monumental, for the fifty slight pages of the Latin text are imbedded in over five hundred pages of erudite comment. This is indeed the thoroughness which we are accustomed to style Germanic. It represents over five years of steady work on the part of the editor. The same publishers send us a college edition of the "Dialogus," edited for their "Series of Latin Authors" by Mr. Charles E. Bennett, and based in part upon the manuscript notes of the late Lucius Heritage.

First among the new German text-books upon our table must be named Dr. Sylvester Primer's very attractive and complete edition of "Nathan der Weise" (Heath). Introduction, notes, and bibliography are all good. For younger students, Professor Charles F. Brunsie has edited three of Theodor Storm's charming "Geschichten aus der Tonne." Still younger students are aimed at by Mr. R. J. Morich, who edits a tale entitled "Fritz auf dem Lande" (Maynard), by Herr Hans Arnold, unknown, we should say, to any extended fame.

It is not often that a new writer finds himself, after not more than four or five years of vogue, put among the classics, but some such fate has now befallen Dr. A. Conan Doyle, in the selection of his "Micah Clarke"

for use as a school reading-book (Longmans). The text is of course much condensed, and the chapters are provided with explanatory vocabularies. After all, school-children often have put before them matter of far less value, to say nothing of interest. In this connection we note the publication (Harper) of a handsome library edition, with good illustrations by Mr. G. W. Bardwell, of this really great novel of Monmouth and his Rebellion.

The maximum condensation not incompatible with interest and readability seems to be the aim of the "Columbian Knowledge" series (Roberts), edited by Professor David P. Todd. We have had occasion to praise highly Mr. Fletcher's "Public Libraries in America," written for this series, and similar praise is deserved by Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd's "Total Eclipses of the Sun." The amount of accurate information collected within the covers of this little volume is very great, and the setting-forth thereof, with the aid of maps, diagrams, and cuts, leaves little to be desired. Mrs. Todd has chosen for her subject one of the most fascinating chapters of astronomical science, and even the specialist in eclipses, unless his reading is close up to date, may find matters of interest in this excellent little treatise.

Some time ago we noted the appearance of the first volume of "A Laboratory Manual of Physics and Applied Electricity" (Macmillan), edited by Professor Edward L. Nichols. The second and final volume, containing "Senior Courses and Outlines of Advanced Work," is now at hand. In the preparation of this volume the editor has had the collaboration of Messrs. G. S. Moler, F. Bedell, H. J. Hotchkiss, and C. P. Matthews. The electrical courses given are in direct and alternating current work, the others in photometry, heat, spectroscopy, physiological optics, and magnetism. The treatise is one of the best of its class that we have seen.

The third volume of Larned's "History for Ready Reference," Gree—Nibe (C. A. Nichols Co., Springfield, Mass.), amply fulfils the promise made by the first two volumes, reviewed in *THE DIAL* for September 16. The important papers are upon Greece, History, Hungary, India, Ireland, Italy, Jews, Law, Libraries, Mahometan Conquest and Empire, Massachusetts, Medical Science, Mexico, Money and Banking, Netherlands, New England, and New York. These take up over 500 pages of the 793 contained in the volume. The historical sketch of Law was prepared by Austin Abbott, Dean of the New York University Law School, but upon the same general plan as the other papers.

Recent text-books of the French language are Mlle. Rosine Melle's "The Contemporary French Writers" (Ginn), including selections which we cannot say are always happy for their purpose; a volume of "Extraits Choisis des Œuvres de Paul Bourget" (Ginn), authorized by M. Bourget, and edited by Mr. Alphonse N. Van Daell; "Méletoi de Ton Métier" (Maynard), a child's story by Mlle. L. Bruneau, edited by Mr. W. S. Lyon; and the "Preparatory French Reader" (Allyn) which Mr. George W. Rollins has just put forth. The selections in this volume range from Baron Marbot to Labiche, from La Fontaine to Gautier. There is a full vocabulary and a table of irregular conjugations.

A useful handbook for persons practically connected with the art of printing is Mr. W. J. Kelly's short treatise on "Presswork" (The Inland Printer Co., Chicago). It is made up of information and directions on a multitude of technical subjects, such as "making ready" a form on the press, "overlying" and "underlying,"

the qualities and proper treatment of inks, etc. Printers of the older school will look in vain for any but a casual reference to dampened paper—the disuse of which, consequent upon the introduction of swift cylinder presses, the "old-timers" will probably never quite cease to deplore. Their reverence for old times and methods will, however, find satisfaction in Mr. Kelly's admission that after an investigation of all the systems of "make-ready" of the present time, he is unable to discover a single effective one which is not traceable to those used in hand-press printing. Even Mr. Ruskin could not ask a better tribute than this.

"The Surgeon's Daughter" and "Castle Dangerous" are the contents of the volume which completes the "Dryburgh" edition of the "Waverley Novels" (Macmillan). The illustrations to this volume are by Messrs. Paul Hardy and Walter Paget. One may now have the pleasure of contemplating all twenty-five of these "Dryburgh" books in a row, and few book-shelves will be as well furnished as that on which they rest. We have so frequently praised this edition of the great romancer, as it has come to us in instalments, that anything we might now say would be mere superfluous repetition. A note must be made, however, of the general index to the set which comes at the end of this last volume.

That classic of mountaineering, Mr. Edward Whymper's "Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator," reviewed by us at the time of its publication in 1892, has just been reissued by the Scribners at a noticeable reduction in price, although the form is substantially that of the expensive first edition. From the same publishers we have a reissue, in a single stout volume, with slightly reduced text and greatly reduced price, of General A. W. Greely's "Three Years of Arctic Service," with its graphic and intensely interesting story of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1881-84.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, October 10, 1894.

The death of Dr. Holmes is the event chiefly spoken of in literary circles in New York. I may be permitted to recall here my last glimpse of the poet (which was also my first). It was at his home on Beacon street, and no earlier than the Spring of the present year. I had previously called to see him during the winter, with proper credentials, and was informed that he was "out," not learning until two or three days after that he was seriously ill and in charge of a nurse. Of late years, it seems, a system had been perfected for concealing any illness, even the slightest, from public knowledge; for no sooner would such a rumor get abroad than all Boston would flock to Beacon street to make inquiries. I was received by the Doctor in the well-known study overlooking the Back Bay, and we chatted of my business for some ten minutes. He complained slightly of the after effects of his illness, but he was so bright and chatty and well-looking that I set him down mentally for from five to ten years more of life at least. What seemed to worry him more than anything else was the constant flow of letters which poured in on him every day; and yet I could not help fancying that he would have greatly missed them if they had ceased to come. The death of the Autocrat seems to have been commented on in print less than might have been expected. Coming without warning, it threw the daily papers en-

tirely upon obituaries already at hand in their files. His family, also, suppressed all efforts to make his funeral an affair of public demonstration, and it took place during a severe storm, with King's Chapel only half filled. Dr. Holmes's last appearance in this city was at a medical dinner given him here some years ago. He did not often visit the metropolis.

The death of Professor Vincenzo Botta, which resulted from the effects of a fall from his window, removes about the last survivor of the old New York literary group. He married Miss Anne Lynch in 1855. It was at one of Miss Lynch's receptions that Poe first acknowledged and recited "The Raven," and after her marriage Mrs. Botta continued to hold these receptions until her death two years ago. Since that event Professor Botta has been busy with Mrs. Botta's "Memoirs," recently published.

The visit of the rector of Shakespeare's church in Stratford-on-Avon to this country, in search of the grave of that Virginia settler who attended Shakespeare's funeral, is a matter of some amusement to those who remember Mr. Moncure D. Conway's similar search some years ago. Whence Frederick Wadsworth Loring, or the residents of Fredericksburg, derived the legend on which Loring's poem is based, I know not, as the poem appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly" in 1870, and Loring was killed by Arizona Indians the following year. The first stanza reads:

"In the old churchyard at Fredericksburg
A gravestone stands to-day,
Marking the place where a grave has been,
Though many and many a year has it seen
Since its tenant mouldered away.
And that quaintly carved old stone
Tells its simple tale to all:—
'Here lies a bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare.'"

It is a fine poem throughout, and it led Mr. Conway a fine chase after the aforesaid tombstone. He found it at last, I believe, and also found that it belonged to another man, and that no pall-bearer of Shakespeare could have died at Fredericksburg anyhow. All this was told in a merry fashion by Mr. Conway himself at the time. The "Springfield Republican" animadverted rather severely upon Dr. Arbuthnot for his "restorations" in the Stratford church, but says that his action in suppressing the noisy tourists who visit it is commendable.

Another traveller from England, Dr. A. Conan Doyle, has been the object of a great deal of attention from New York editors and publishers. After three or four days of entertainment on the part of these friends, Dr. Doyle and his brother left for the Adirondacks for a week's shooting. He stood the usual fire of questioning from reporters on his arrival, and came off very well, doubtless being prepared to meet this ordeal. He lectured here once before leaving for Chicago.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's new book, "The Lilac Sunbonnet," which Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are about to publish, is said to be a more poetic and tender romance than those which have preceded it. There is perhaps more of delicacy and charm than is shown in the others. This firm is just bringing out the poems of Frank L. Stanton, of the "Atlanta Constitution," with the title, "Songs of the Soil." Mr. Stanton is a working journalist, and his verse has been written at odd moments, but it has been taken up and copied all over the country. The book will include poems both of sentiment and dialect.

"Iola, the Senator's Daughter" is a story of ancient Rome, soon to be brought out by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is intended to be a life picture of the business classes of that city nineteen centuries ago, the author's theory being that the Romans did not always wear the toga, but were often modern in their ways. Another volume of special interest on this firm's list is the "Napoleon" of Alexandre Dumas, translated by Mr. John B. Lerner, a Washington lawyer, who is said to have preserved the very forceful style of the French original. The Putnams will publish in January the first volume of M. Jusserand's "Literary History of the English People," which has attracted a great deal of attention in England. M. Jusserand is thought "to have been influenced by Taine and John Richard Green, but the scale of his book gives him the liberty of indulging in detail where Green could only work through a few broad strokes, while the thirty years that have elapsed since Taine's book saw the light, not to mention the idiosyncrasies of the two writers, have shown him that if a literary history is to be true the historian must not ride theories to death."

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES.

One of the most important books promised for the near future is the late Professor Jowett's "Conversations."

Dr. Alice B. Stockham's "Koradine," issued as a subscription book, is now offered through the trade, and at a much reduced price.

Mr. Alma Tadema is said to be preparing a volume of reminiscences which will include his impressions of many men of celebrity with whom he has been associated.

Mrs. Minerva B. Norton, author of "In and Around Berlin" and other books, as well as an occasional contributor to THE DIAL, died at her home at Beloit, Wis., early in the present month.

Dr. Heinrich Hoffman, author of "Struwpeter," died at Frankfort, towards the close of last month. The "Saturday Review" calls him one of the greatest benefactors of his race in the last half-century.

The "History of the Thousand," by no less a personage than Signor Crispi, is an interesting announcement from Italy. It will be remembered that the author, himself a Sicilian, took a prominent part in the expedition.

Professor B. A. Hinsdale, of Ann Arbor, has printed a "Teacher's Professional Book List" leaflet, giving the titles of some thirty books believed by him to be among the most useful for the foundation of a professional library.

Professor William Cranston Lawton publishes a syllabus of a course of lectures on the New England poets. The lives of the six poets are tabulated in parallel columns, and the facts are thus helpfully displayed for ready reference.

The literary remains of Helmholtz are to be edited by Professor A. König, of Berlin, a former pupil and collaborator of the great physiologist, and editor of the "Zeitschrift für Psychologie" and of the "Verhandlungen der Physikalischen Gesellschaft zu Berlin."

Professor William M. Ramsay, A.M., professor of humanity at the University of Aberdeen, is announced to lecture at the Johns Hopkins University on the Lev-

ering lectureship foundation on October 19, 20, 21, and 22. Professor Ramsay formerly occupied the chair of classical archaeology at Exeter College, Oxford.

Among the new and forthcoming books of Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, are "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," a novel by Mr. Charles M. Sheldon; "My Lady," a story by Miss Marguerite Bouvet, illustrated by Miss Helen M. Armstrong; "Polar Gleams, an Account of a Voyage on the Yacht 'Blencathra,'" by Miss Helen Peel; and four volumes of reprints of Green, Spenser, Jonson, and Greville.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish immediately "Philip and his Wife," by Mrs. Margaret Deland; a cheaper edition, reduced in size, of the Vedder-FitsGerald "Rubaiyat"; Mr. Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy," illustrated by Mr. A. B. Frost; the "Life, Letters, and Diary of Lucy Larcom," by the Rev. D. D. Addison; "In the Dozy Hours," by Miss Agnes Repplier; and "Three Boys on an Electrical Boat," by Professor John Trowbridge.

Professor Vincenzo Botta, of New York, died on the fifth of this month, at the age of seventy-five. A Piedmontese by birth, he was a professor in the University of Turin, a member of the Sardinian legislature, and a special commissioner of the government for the study of foreign educational systems. He came to this country in 1853, became naturalized, married Anne C. Lynch, and occupied for many years a professorship in Italian in the University of the City of New York. Among his books are a memorial volume to his wife, and works upon Dante, Cavour, and modern Italian philosophy.

A suit now pending in the United States Circuit Court at Philadelphia has for its object the testing of the Copyright Act of 1890. The complainants are Mr. H. Rider Haggard and Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co., represented by Mr. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. The point at issue is the power of Congress to delegate declarative power to the President, and consequently the constitutionality of the law itself. Since other such delegations of power have already been fully sustained by the courts, there is no reasonable doubt of their finding in the present case, and it will be well to have the question settled forever.

In concluding a series of selections from the correspondence of Poe, in "The Century Magazine" for October, Mr. G. E. Woodberry says: "It is a gratification to find that American men of letters who were contemporary with Poe are so fully freed from the charge, brought against them by English admirers of the poet, of lack of aid and appreciation toward him. Few men have received such cordial encouragement, praise, and welcome, material and moral, as Poe received from nearly all who were brought into relations with him, and the number of these was many—Irving, Kennedy, Paulding, Hawthorne, Willis, Lowell, Simms, and others less distinguished, but then of note. Yet Mr. Andrew Lang says that Poe was 'a gentleman among canaille.'"

The London correspondent of "The Critic" has the following interesting note about a biography that we are all waiting for: "Lord Tennyson has been occupied upon the life of his father continuously during the past few months, and has made considerable progress with it, but the work will certainly not be completed during the present year, and it is doubtful whether it will even see the light during 1895. When it comes, it will be genuinely welcome. It is announced that Lord Tennyson has had the personal assistance of several eminent

men of letters, foremost among whom one would place conjecturally the names of Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson and Mr. Theodore Watts. But no detail of the probable character of the volume has been allowed to escape from Farringford, nor is it likely that anything will be known until the biography makes its public appearance."

President J. N. Larned of the American Library Association made an address at the Lake Placid meeting of that organization, which is summarized as "a masterly setting-forth of the relation of public libraries to the social movement of the time, claiming for them an exact fitness to the needs of the age. The education of the schools and universities fails to carry more than a select few beyond the rudiments, giving to the masses only that 'little knowledge' which is dangerous. The newspaper press, valuable as it is, is to a large extent mercenary and partisan, and, as generally read, cultivates prejudice and disseminates narrow views. To the public library, distributing to the homes of the people good literature, and welcoming to its halls all students of any subject without question as to their previous attainments, we look for that generosity and breadth of popular culture which alone can save our democratic commonwealth from destruction."

A monument to Shelley was unveiled at Viareggio on the morning of September 30. The press dispatches thus describe the work and the occasion: "The monument, which is fifteen feet high, faces the sea in Paolina square. The bust is the work of the sculptor Sig. Urbano Lucchesi. It represents the poet at the age of 29 years, in a meditative attitude. The pedestal is simple, but elegant. On the side away from the sea a design of intertwined branches of oak and olive encircles a book bearing on its cover the word 'Prometeo.' Above this is an inscription written by Sig. Bovio, reading thus:

TO PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY,
Heart of Hearts:

Drowned in this sea; cremated on this spot, where he composed "Prometheus Unbound." A posthumous page wherein every generation will have a token of its struggles, its tears, its redemption.

The weather was bad, but despite this drawback there was a great gathering of English residents and eminent Italians, including Signori Panzacchi, Cavallotti, Villari, Coppino, and Martini. Representatives of the Universities of Rome and Pisa were also present. Lady Shelley was represented by Col. Leigh Hunt. Sig. Riccioni delivered an address, after which he formally transferred the monument to the keeping of the mayor of Viareggio amid the cheering of the assemblage."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

October, 1894. (Second List).

Astronomy and Religion. Sir Edwin Arnold. *No. American.*
Bayreuth. William Morton Payne. *Music.*
Bookbinding, Commercial. Illus. Brander Matthews. *Century.*
Bryant's Place in Literature. W. R. Thayer. *Rev. of Reviews.*
Buddhism and Christianity. Paul Carus. *Monist.*
Burnah. Illus. Marion M. Pope. *Century.*
Dana, Charles A. Illus. E. P. Mitchell. *McClure's.*
De Foe and Malthus. *Social Economist.*
Economic Education, The Future of. *Social Economist.*
"Eminent Scoundrel" in Literature. The. *Dial* (Oct. 16).
Energy, The Conservation of. Ernst Mach. *Monist.*
English at Wellesley College. Katharine L. Bates. *Dial* (Oct. 16).

Ethics and Biology. Edmand Montgomery. *Jour. of Ethics.*
Folk-Speech in America. Edward Eggleston. *Century.*
Hedonism, Rational. Constance Jones. *Jour. of Ethics.*
Holmes, Oliver Wendell. *Dial* (Oct. 16).
Indian, Education of the. James H. Kyle. *No. American.*
Irrigation in the West. Illus. *Rev. of Reviews.*
Li Hung Chang. Illus. J. R. Young. *Rev. of Reviews.*
London, Municipal Problems of. The Lord Mayor. *No. Am.*
Luxury. Henry Sedgwick. *Journal of Ethics.*
McClellan and his "Mission." Jas. B. Fry. *Century.*
Moon's Surface, Our Knowledge of. E. S. Holden. *McClure's.*
Motion, the Nature of. J. W. Powell. *Monist.*
Music and Nutrition. E. B. Perry. *Music.*
Niagara, The Capture of. Illus. *McClure's.*
Palms, Music of the. N. H. Imber. *Music.*
Roads, English, and Streets of London. *Social Economist.*
Senate, Abolishment of the. H. von Holst. *Monist.*
Sherman Letters, The. B. A. Hinsdale. *Dial* (Oct. 16).
Snake Poison, Inoculation Against. Illus. *McClure's.*
Stedman, Edmund Clarence. *Royal Cortisaz.* *Century.*
Thoreau's Letters. Louis J. Block. *Dial* (Oct. 16).
Trade Unions, Tendencies of. *Social Economist.*
Transatlantic Mails, The. J. Henniker Heaton. *No. Am.*
Treasury, Peril of the. Geo. S. Boutwell. *No. American.*
Wealth Against Commonwealth. W. H. Smith. *Dial* (Oct. 16).
Woman, The Renaissance of. Lady Somerset. *No. American.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 77 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

HISTORY.

The History of Sicily from the Earliest Times. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A.; edited, with notes, etc., by Arthur J. Evans, M.A. Vol. IV., with maps, etc., 8vo, uncut, pp. 531. Macmillan & Co. \$5.25.
Venice. By Alethea Wiel, author of "Two Doges of Venice." Illus., 12mo, pp. 478. Putnam's "Story of the Nations Series." \$1.50.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Life of Frances Power Cobbe. By herself. In 2 vols., illus., gilt top, uncut. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$4.
Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XL., Mylar-Nicholls; 8vo, uncut, pp. 451. Macmillan & Co. \$3.75.
Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Republic. By J. L. Strachan Davidson, M.A. Illus., 12mo, pp. 446. Putnam's "Heroes of the Nations." \$1.50.
Famous Leaders Among Men. By Sarah Knowles Bolton, author of "Famous Men of Science." Illus., 12mo, pp. 404. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
Diary of Anna Green Winslow, a Boston School Girl of 1771. Edited by Alice Morse Earle. Illus., 12mo, pp. 121. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Sounds and Inflections of the Greek Dialects: Ionic. By Herbert Weir Smyth. 8vo, pp. 608. Macmillan & Co. \$6.
The Writings of Thomas Paine. Collected and edited by Moncure D. Conway, author of "The Life of Thomas Paine." Vol. II., 1779-1792; 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 523. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.
Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, LL.D. Vol. 3, The Canterbury Tales; 8vo, uncut, pp. 667. Macmillan & Co. \$4.
The Age of Fable; or, Beauties of Mythology. By Thomas Bulfinch; new enlarged and illustrated edition, edited by E. E. Hale. Illus., 12mo, pp. 568. Lee & Shepard. \$2.50.
Military Essays and Recollections: Papers Read before the Illinois Commandery of the Loyal Legion. Vol. II., with portrait, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 555. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.50.
Costume of Colonial Times. By Alice Morse Earle. 16mo, uncut, pp. 264. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Alfred W. Pollard. In 2 vols., 12mo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$3.

Studies in Folk-Song and Popular Poetry. By Alfred M. Williams, author of "The Poets and Poetry of Ireland." 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 329. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

The "Ariel" Shakespeare, new vols.: Henry VI. (3 vols.); Troilus and Cressida; Coriolanus; Titus Andronicus; Timon of Athens; Cymbeline; Pericles; Poems; Sonnets; Glossary. Each, 1 vol., 18mo, gilt top, uncut. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Each, boxed, 75 cts.

The Temple Shakespeare, new vols.: A Midsummer Night's Dream, and The Merchant of Venice. Each, 1 vol., with frontispiece, 18mo, gilt top, uncut. Macmillan & Co. Each, 45 cts.

Repetition and Parallelism in English Verse: A Study in the Technique of Poetry. By C. Alphonso Smith, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 76. New York: University Pub'g Co. 60 cts.

POETRY.

Sorrow and Song. By Coulson Kernahan, author of "A Book of Strange Sins." 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 156. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

Vashti: A Poem in Seven Books. By John Brayshaw Kaye, author of "Songs of Lake Geneva." 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 166. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Narragansett Ballads, with Songs and Lyrics. By Caroline Hazard. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 107. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.

Poems, New and Old. By William Roscoe Thayer. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 104. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.

Imitations of the Beautiful and Poems. By Madison Cawein. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 208. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

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Hymns. By Frederick William Faber, D.D. Illus. by L. J. Bridgman, 16mo, gilt top, pp. 248. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25.

FICTION.

Ravenshoe. By Henry Kingsley. In 2 vols., 16mo, uncut. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.

Sweet Clover: A Romance of the White City. By Clara Louise Burnham. 16mo, pp. 411. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

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Abandoning an Adopted Farm. By Kate Sanborn, author of "Adopting an Abandoned Farm." 16mo, pp. 185. D. Appleton & Co. 75 cts.

The Three Musketeers. By Alexandre Dumas. In 2 vols., illus. by Maurice Leloir, 12mo, gilt top. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$3.

The Abbé Daniel. From the French of André Theuriet, by Helen B. Dole. Illus., 16mo, gilt top, pp. 204. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.

The Surgeon's Daughter, and Castle Dangerous. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Dryburgh edition; illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 424. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

The Artificial Mother: A Martial Fantasy. By G. H. P. Illus., 12mo, red edges, pp. 31. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75c.

Lourdes. By Emile Zola, author of "The Downfall"; trans. by Ernest A. Vizetelly. 12mo, uncut, pp. 486. Neely's "International Library." \$1.25.

A Husband of No Importance. By Rita. 18mo, pp. 186. Putnam's "Incognito Library." 50 cts.

A Story from Pullmantown. By Nico Beech-Meyer. Illus., 12mo, pp. 110. Chas. H. Kerr & Co. 50 cts.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

- Appletons' Town and Country Library: A Victim of Good Luck, by W. E. Norris; 16mo, pp. 320.—The Trial of the Sword, by Gilbert Parker; 16mo, pp. 277. Each, 50 cts.
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- Co-operative Production. By Benjamin Jones, with prefatory note by the Rt. Hon. A. H. Dyke Acland, M.P. 12mo, pp. 839. Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.

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- Dogmatic Theology. By William G. T. Shedd, D.D. Vol. III., Supplement; 8vo, pp. 528. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$4.
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- Physical Laboratory Manual, for Use in Schools and Colleges. By H. N. Chute, M.S., author of "Practical Physics." Illus., 12mo, pp. 213. D. C. Heath & Co. 80 cts.
- The Children's Second Reader. By Ellen M. Cyr. Illus., 12mo, pp. 186. Ginn & Co. 40 cts.
- L'Abbé Constantin. Par Ludovic Halévy; edited by Thomas Logie, Ph.D. 16mo, pp. 156. Heath's "Modern Language Series." 30 cts.

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- Czar and Sultan: The Adventures of a British Lad in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78. By Archibald Forbes. Illus., 12mo, pp. 381. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.
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